YANK

THE ARMY WEEKLY

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By the men . . for the men in the service

CANNONEER

This artilleryman with two bluebirds tattooed on his chest, sketched at Guadalcanal by YANK's staff artist Sgt. Howard Brodie, is Pvt. Steven Kitt of Wilmington, Del., who won the Purple Heart at Pearl Harbor before he went to the Solomons. For more Brodie sketches, see Pages 7, 8, 9 and 10.

Does Your Family Need Money in a Hurry?

READ ABOUT THE RED CROSS PERSONAL PROBLEM SERVICE, PAGE 20.

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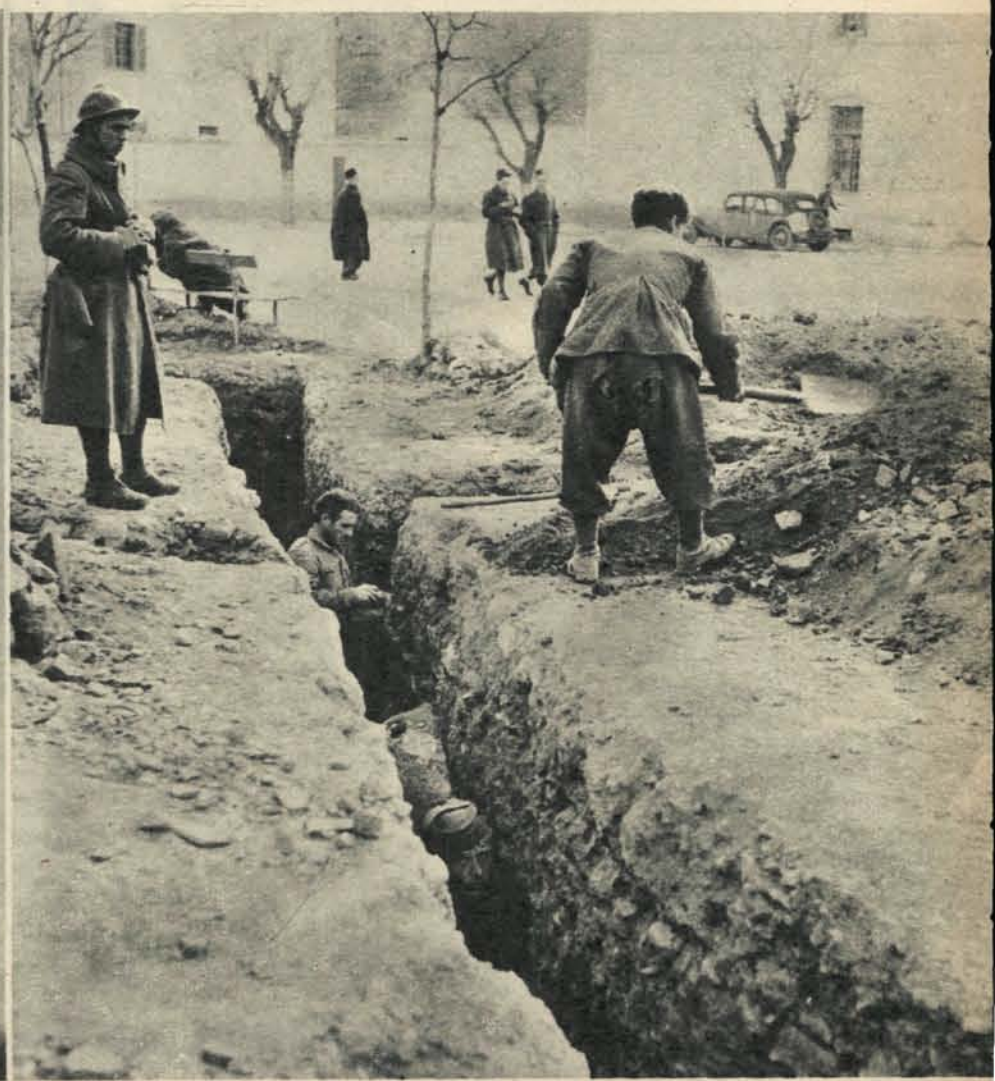
The first PX opens up in southern Tunisia. The complete supply is on the table and French girl-ambulance drivers hand it out free to the Yanks.

Yanks in Africa

Infantrymen look over a captured German Schmeisser machine pistol.



Under French guard, Nazi prisoners (left) and Italian dig trenches.

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Ranger Raid IN TUNISIA

American Commandos, who first saw action with the Canadians at Dieppe, run a show of their own and score a clean knockout blow.

By Sgt. RALPH G. MARTIN
YANK Field Correspondent

SOMEWHERE ON THE TUNISIAN FRONT [By RADIO]—The moon went down at 3:15 A. M. A half hour later a well-fortified Axis outpost was a shambles, thick with the dead bodies of some newly imported crack Italian troops. The night-raiding Rangers had completed their first mission on the Tunisian front.

They had piled into fast-moving trucks the previous evening, rode for several hours not knowing where, then double-timed with full equipment over eight miles of rugged country. They bivouacked several miles from their objective with nothing but thin shelter halves for cover.

The next day was devoted to careful reconnaissance and observation of the enemy, and some final detailed planning. During the waiting period the edge was taken off the mass tension when three Arabs came up to the front lines and tried to sell some oranges and eggs. Nobody was taking any chances. After the boys finished laughing they put the Arabs under guard until the attack was over.

The raid was a complete surprise to the enemy. There was no rattling of helmets or creaking of shoes (the Rangers wear shoes with special treads). The Italians were literally caught with their pants down. Most of them were in bed or on the way to bed

At the first sign of action, Axis officers in the rear hopped on their motorcycles and scrammed, leaving the men to figure out their own angles.

Most of the enemy's fireworks came from 37-mm cannon which were dropping shells all around Lt. Col. William O. Darby's CP. The cannon were near the main objective of Capt. Murray's company. Col. Darby got Murray on the field radio and said, "Captain, when are you going to reach your objective?"

"The objective's been reached, sir," the captain replied.

"Well, when are you going to knock out those blasted 37-mms?" the lieutenant colonel asked.

Just then two of Murray's boys parked a few grenades on the cannon.

"The 37-mms have been reached and destroyed, sir," the captain said.

That's the way the show worked—like clockwork.

The concussion of a grenade that landed about a foot from Pfc. Imbre Biro picked him up and threw him down three feet away. It made the former New York City dead-end kid so mad he got up, shook the shock off, grabbed a tommy gun, and waded in after the guy who threw it.

An embarrassing moment almost proved fatal to Capt. Murray when he jumped into a fox hole and reached for his Comanche knife and found it wasn't there. It was lucky for him that the Italian didn't want to fight, anyway.

As soon as they had rounded up a dozen prisoners, the order came out: "No more prisoners." And there weren't any.

One Italian, who had been shooting up a lot of Rangers from a good vantage point, decided to take the easy way out and yelled, "Kamerad!"

"Kamerad, hell!" one of the Rangers said, and kept on shooting.

Lt. Col. Darby called Capt. Max Schneider, another of his COs. "Captain, have you got any prisoners?"

"I think I have two, sir," replied the captain.

The field connection was bad and the colonel asked him to repeat what he said. Meanwhile the two Italians tried to pull a fast sneak, and Capt.

AMERICAN RANGERS ON THE MARCH IN AFRICA. THEY MOVE ALONG IN SINGLE FILE AGAINST THE BACKGROUND OF A FRENCH BILLBOARD.

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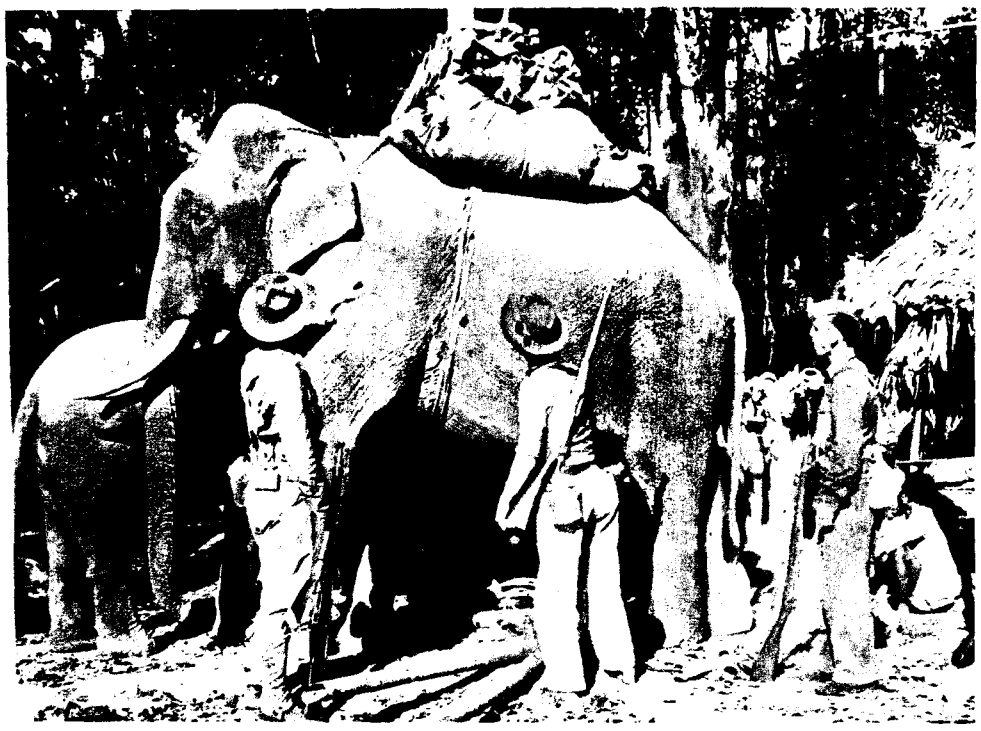
U. S. Army nurses outside the grass hut in which they live in Burri, one of the Fiji Islands. Just shows they can make it look domestic anywhere.



In India, three G.I.s cheer the elephant which has just turned up with their bedding. He goes along on marches but often by his own route.

Yanks at Home Abroad

Schneider, a sharpshooter from Shenandoah, Iowa, fired two shots. He said to the colonel, "Sir, I *had* two prisoners."

The Rangers really messed up that outpost when six mortar crews went into action. Cpl. Richard Bevin of Estherville, Iowa, went up ahead to determine the positions. He radioed back the information and added, "And throw in the kitchen sink"—which they did.

Most of the Rangers were having fun but nobody enjoyed it more than T/5 Stanley Bush. Bush got the Purple Heart for action in the Dieppe raid. Cpl. Franklin Koons, the Dieppe hero who was the first Yank to get the British Military Medal in this war, also came along on this Tunisia raid.

This was one show where the big boys didn't sweat it out at headquarters in the rear echelon. Not only was Lt. Col. William O. Darby up there in the thick of it, but with him were his executive officers, Maj. Herman Dammer of New York, and his chief medical officer, Capt. William Jarrett of New York. All of them are as tough and hard as their men.

Capt. Jarrett and his crew of Ranger medics use a pistol or an M1, when they're not tying bandages. They don't wear Red Cross arm bands. They don't want special consideration from the enemy. And they don't give any.

Four medics on the raid treated two officers and 18 wounded enlisted men — guys partially shell-shocked, temporarily blinded from grenade concussion, or with gaping shrapnel wounds in their bodies. All of them insisted on walking back to the rear, nine miles away.

It was the first all-Ranger raid. At Dieppe, a small selected group worked together with the British Commandos. When they wiped out four German coastal guns at Arsew, they served as the spearhead of the Nov. 8 landing attack on North Africa. Now for the first time they were putting on their own show. They don't chew nails or spit rust but the day after the raid one Ranger said, "Now we know we are tough."

Since their arrival in North Africa, their force has been supplemented by 100 enlisted men and six officers who came directly from the States. This unit represents the sum total of all Rangers anywhere.

The youngest is Pfc. Lemuel Harris of Pocohontas, Va., who has just turned 18. The oldest is 25-year-old J. B. Coomer of Amarillo, Tex. J. B. says he averages $1,000 a month with his card winnings and sends it all home to his wife. For a two-month stretch he didn't gamble. But the next month he sent home $3,000 dollars.

"My wife appreciates a little extra money," he explains.

They've even got a full-blooded Sioux Indian, T/5 Samuel P. Oneskunk of Cherry Creek, S. Dak. Cpl. James Haines of Lexington, Ky., used to be a lion tamer for Frank Buck and two brothers in the outfit, Pvt. Othel Greene and Sgt. Dick Greene of Des Moines, Iowa, are former Golden Glove boxing champs.

They've also got their own photographers—soldiers assigned to them who shoot only with cameras. Sgt. Phil Stern is a former magazine and newspaper photographer, and T/5 Henry Paluch shoots movies.

There are wrestlers, bull-fighters, clerks, poets. Any one of them can break you quietly in two.

The Rangers don't like to be left behind when something exciting is in the air. The night before this latest raid, a broad-shouldered guy, Cpl. Bob Halliday, a former radio crooner from Syracuse, N. Y., had just come off guard duty. He was all pooped out, having slept only two hours out of the past 24. But as soon as he heard of the impending raid, he went up to the CO, grabbed him by the arm and pleaded, "Let me go along, sir; please let me go along."

Everybody got quiet and looked at the lieutenant and the lieutenant looked at Halliday for a moment and frowned. Then he said, "OK. You can come."

That's the kind of a guy a Ranger is.

Boy Rangers in U. S. Stand Behind Their 'Big Brothers'

SOMEWHERE IN TUNISIA—The quickest way to make an American Ranger mad is to walk up to him and murmur sweetly, "Hi yo, Silver!" It drives him nuts.

But the Rangers here got a big kick out of a V-letter which they received recently from the president of the Boy Rangers of America. It said:

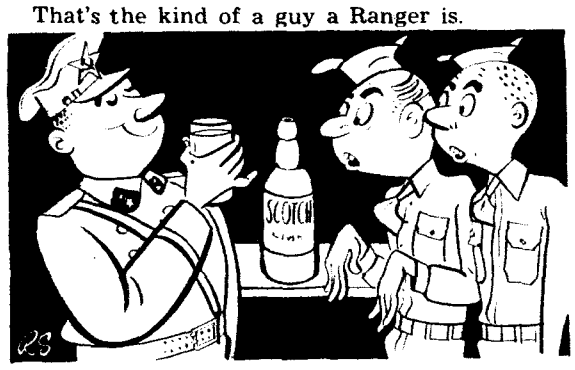
"I am very anxious to make the acquaintance of our big brother Rangers overseas. Upon receipt of this letter, please write and tell us of your experiences in France and North Africa and we will assign one of your little Ranger brothers to tell you of our doings."

And then the letter was signed, "Yours for Victory—Trusty Tommy."

In Next Week's YANK . . .

A WHO'S WHO OF WAR HEROES

YANK has gathered the names of more than 1,000 enlisted men who have been decorated for bravery in action since Pearl Harbor. The first batch appears next week with citations describing what each man did to win his medal. Watch for this list, the first of its kind published anywhere. Some of your friends may be on it.



Moscow Gals Are Pretty and Smart But *Nid* Means No the Same Old Way

(As mechanic with the plane that flew Gen. Patrick J. Hurley to Russia, S/Sgt. George W. Bowne of Turtlecreek, Pa. has hit military zones in which the average G.I. is scarcer than lemonade in the Sahara. He's been on this slick detail since Oct. 16, 1942. When Sgt. Bowne was tapped to tend the motors of the Hutley DC-2, he didn't know that he was to take an American officer to Russia. As a matter of fact, when it came to front-line flying in the U.S.S.R., he and his fellow G.I.s were switched for a Russian crew. But he has seen a hell of a lot more Soviet territory than most G.I.s. Here's what he says about the place according to Sgt. Al Hine, YANK staff correspondent:)

SOMEWHERE IN THE MIDDLE EAST—It was a pretty amazing experience. Some of it was tough flying, like over the desert when heat pockets would pull you down from 2,000 to 200 without a hell of a lot of warning.

In Russia we had to fly at low altitudes. That's all right even if it does bring the mountains up a little too close for comfort. But one time we had an embassy official with us who was up front having the controls explained to him. He pushed the stick experimentally and zowie! we were suddenly flirting with some very high-class peaks. The general described a gentle arc and fortunately landed in one piece as the pilot brought us out of it.

Russia itself wasn't bad. There was caviar

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frequently but I never got to like it too much. There was vodka but it was expensive.

The movies we saw were good but for an American soldier, at least, a little too heavy on the propaganda angle. The news reels were the best things we saw. Sitting in the theater you'd be able to be right along with a Russian sniper and watch him knock off a Nazi. It was more like seeing action, real war, than we'd seen in any news reels anywhere.

There was good entertainment in Moscow. I went to the ballet one night and I still don't know whether I liked it or not. It was swell music. The ballet I saw was "Swan Lake." And the dancing was good; you could tell it by the way the crowd applauded. I thought some of the men looked pretty silly jumping around in tights. The girls—that's a different matter. I didn't need anyone to tell me they were good.

The Russian girls generally were pretty. The majority of them dressed in clothes that were sensible, not smart. They wore gray felt-lined boots that hit their knees, and longish coats. You can tell a rich woman or a woman who is married to a foreigner by her silk stockings. The girls all seem to know how to say "*nid*." And that means "no."

There's practically no prostitution in Russia. There's probably a normal amount of playing around but the "oldest profession" is pretty well beat up.

One thing that gave me a kick was a Russian jazz concert. It was the only jazz band I've ever seen that had 14 violins. But they swung in spite of that. The music was solid. The featured dancer with the band was a tap dancer and a good one, but when he tried to dress like an American, he wore the bell-bottomed trousers and wild suits of the torrid '20s. The songs were mostly about six years old. Still, when you hear "Sweet Sue" played in Moscow, it sounds mighty, mighty good.

One other thing I learned was that a Russian can really drink. Don't ever fool yourself that you can outdrink him. He'll put you under the table before you know what hit you.

There was one nice, quiet Russian officer who met us once when we had a couple of quarts of Scotch on us. We knew him and offered him a drink. He poured out a full tumbler and we gasped. He was apologetic and asked, "Did I take too much?"

We said no because we didn't know what else to say. He downed the whisky with a "bottoms up" and had a second one. He was walking straight as a die when he left us.

In one way he was typical of the sort of thing Russians admire. The one guy they respect is the man who can do something big—bigger than taking a drink, of course—and laugh it off with "*nichevo*"—which means "there's nothing to it."

Three of a kind. The Aldinger triplets—William F., Robert J. and Henry L.—of Long Island, N. Y., draw their G.I. equipment after enlisting in the Army. They are 18 years old and going strong.

All the Way on the Cuff From Peacock Alley to Tripoli

TRIPOLI—When American news correspondents moved into this city's swank, bepalmed Grand Hotel after the British occupation, they were warmly greeted by its manager, William Gaudenzi.

Gaudenzi said he was a former assistant manager of the Waldorf-Astoria in New York and produced a card to prove it. He said he had been in New York for 10 years, leaving in the early '30s to come to Tripoli. —**YANK Field Correspondent**

WORDS ACROSS THE SEA

Jordan Coursen Graber

Pvt. Darrell Jordan sends this message to 3/C Petty Officer Tommy George: "I'm working in an Air Force electrical shop in England, but craving to get my mitts on that lug Hitler. Maybe we can do it soon together." . . . **Sgt. Melvin M. Coursen,** England, optimistically regards Cpl. Eugen Renwick, stationed at Hammer Field, Calif., as his future brother-in-law. He says: "Why don't you write your sis, Thelma. If you do, be sure and say I love her." . . . **Cpl. Ben Graber** has lost touch with his pal Pvt. Walter Weinberger and wants to remind him that his address is still the same base in the South Pacific at which he has been stationed for the last year.

Davidson, Blalock Julks Schmitt

Two ex-hams, **Glenn Davidson** and **Clif Blalock,** Hqusaf, APO 860, N. Y., collaborate on a code message to two guys they knew on the air in the old days, Lt. Art Carlson and Joe Parker "WE STL HAVNT FERGT SWL QSO'S WE HAD ON 40 ES 80 AND R LKING FWRD TO C-ING U AGN BACK ON AIR. FR NW 73's." . . . **Pfc. William Julks** is in England and has this to say to his cousin, Cpl. Levy Julks of Baton Rouge, La.: "The folks asked about you in their last letter. Why don't you write more often?" . . . From England, **Pvt. Maurice Schmitt** tells his pal Leonard Connors in a U. S. training camp: "When you go to Carroll (Iowa) drop in and see my friend at the Heires Electrical Co."

Tonne Padgett McKenna

Pfc. Jerome Tonne sends "Hi" to his brother, Bob, a Navy cadet, and "Hi, sir" to his other brother, Bill, who rates a salute now as a shavetail. . . . **Sgt. Merle Padgett** wants Cpl. Elmer Newman to get in touch with him: "My address is Hq. 7th Bomb. Gr., APO 886, N. Y. How about a letter soon?" . . . **Les McKenna** is a mess corporal with a New Zealand unit in a South Pacific base. He liked Mess Sgt. James E. Wovels, whom he met when they served chow together in the Fiji Islands. To Wovels: "I found your methods of putting out chow very successful. Best of luck to you and stay away from this bloody island. Drop me a line at Hqs. Kiwi Div., APO 502, San Francisco, Calif."

Westlake Kiersh Kamp

Sgt. Bert Westlake, of the RAF, stationed in Ottawa, Canada, says his girl friend in the WAAFs, whose name is Moralee, has just been promoted from the airmen's mess to officers' mess. "Has your cooking improved?" he asks her. . . . From England, **Pfc. Reubin Kiersh** sends this message to Sgt. Herbert Leibowitz of Brooklyn, N. Y., now overseas: "Your folks haven't heard from you for three months. For all they know you might be a colonel by now." . . . **S/Sgt. Melvin Kamp,** an aerial engineer, has this to say to his cousin, Howard Goldstein: "I hear you joined the Navy. How about writing me, you gob? The address is APO 873, N. Y. The war should be over soon now that we're both in the service."

MESSAGE CENTER

Pvt. T. W. Oliver would like to exchange insignia, regimental crests and divisional sleeve patches—both foreign and domestic. His address: Med. Det., 187 FA, Fort Ethan Allen, Vt. . . . **Pvt. M. Joe Turner,** Co. B, 701 Bn., Fort Custer, Mich., wants the address of **Ray Boyes** formerly with the race track, and **S/Sgt. Jan Jankowske** once at Fort Jay, N. Y. . . . **Cpl. C. H. Nonnenmacher,** Hq. Det., 305 Med. Bn., Camp Forrest, Tenn., is paging **Pfc. George Catullo** of Revere, Mass. . . . **Jack F. McNamara,** Med. Det., 180th Inf., APO 45, c/o PM, Pine Camp, N. Y., wants mail from **Henry F. Spinney.** . . . **Pvt. Don Shauger,** St. Hospital, Harding Field, La., wants news from **Pfc. Gordon Rechcygl,** a Marine last heard from in Hawaii. . . . **Dan Egan,** New Caledonia, **Jimmy Jones,** Africa, get in touch with **Sgt. Joseph Langhans,** 24th Sec., Am. Tr. Sep., CA Bn., c/o Btry. C, APO 862, c/o PM, N. Y. . . . Anyone knowing **S/Sgt. William T. Biddinson's** location write **Pvt. Richard Bond,** Prov. Casual Det., NOSA, New Orleans, La. . . . **Pvts. Harold Burch** and **Ernest Near** get in touch with **Cpl. John Huber,** 14th Photo Recon. Sqdn., USAAB, Colorado Springs, Colo. . . . **Pvt. Gene A. Trace,** Base Hq. APO 813, N. Y. C., wants to hear from **S/Sgt. Louis Priest, Sgts. Donald Allumbaugh, Johnny Davey, Leo Roller, Cpls. Harold Reynolds, Bill Carlisle, Pfc. M. Kackenmeister** and **Pvts. Jimmie Pecarro, William Downey, Mike Sobol, Joe Pendergast.** . . . **James S. Fergerson, S1c,** please write **Pvt. Harry J. Rice,** Btry. C, 161 CA Bn. (AA) Camp Haan, Calif. . . . Will **S/Sgt. Richard Hoptner** and other friends write **Sgt. Mrozek,** 18th Anti-Sub Sqdn., Langley Field, Va. . . . **Pvt. Jack Clingerman,** 24 (CA) Btry. C, APO 864 c/o PM, N. Y. wants to hear from **Cpl. Robert C. Jackson.** Any information welcome. . . . **Pfc. Robert L. Maxham,** 214 CA (AA) Btry. G, APO 502 c/o PM, San Francisco, Calif., wants to let the men in his old outfit know where he is, especially **"Skipper."** . . . **Pvt. Edgar C. Leachman** write to **T/Sgt. William Don Leachman,** 872 Two Eng. Flying Trng. Sqdrn., Blackland Army Flying School, Waco, Tex. No letter since Dec. 7, 1942. . . . **A/C Harry M. Hill,** Sqdn. 84, SAAAB, Santa Ana, Calif., wants mail from **S/Sgt. Pilot Loyd Hoffman,** once stationed at Decatur, Ala. . . . **W. A. Humes,** composer, wishes a libretto to set to music. His address: 1008th Sch. Sqdrn., AAFAFS, La Junta, Colo.

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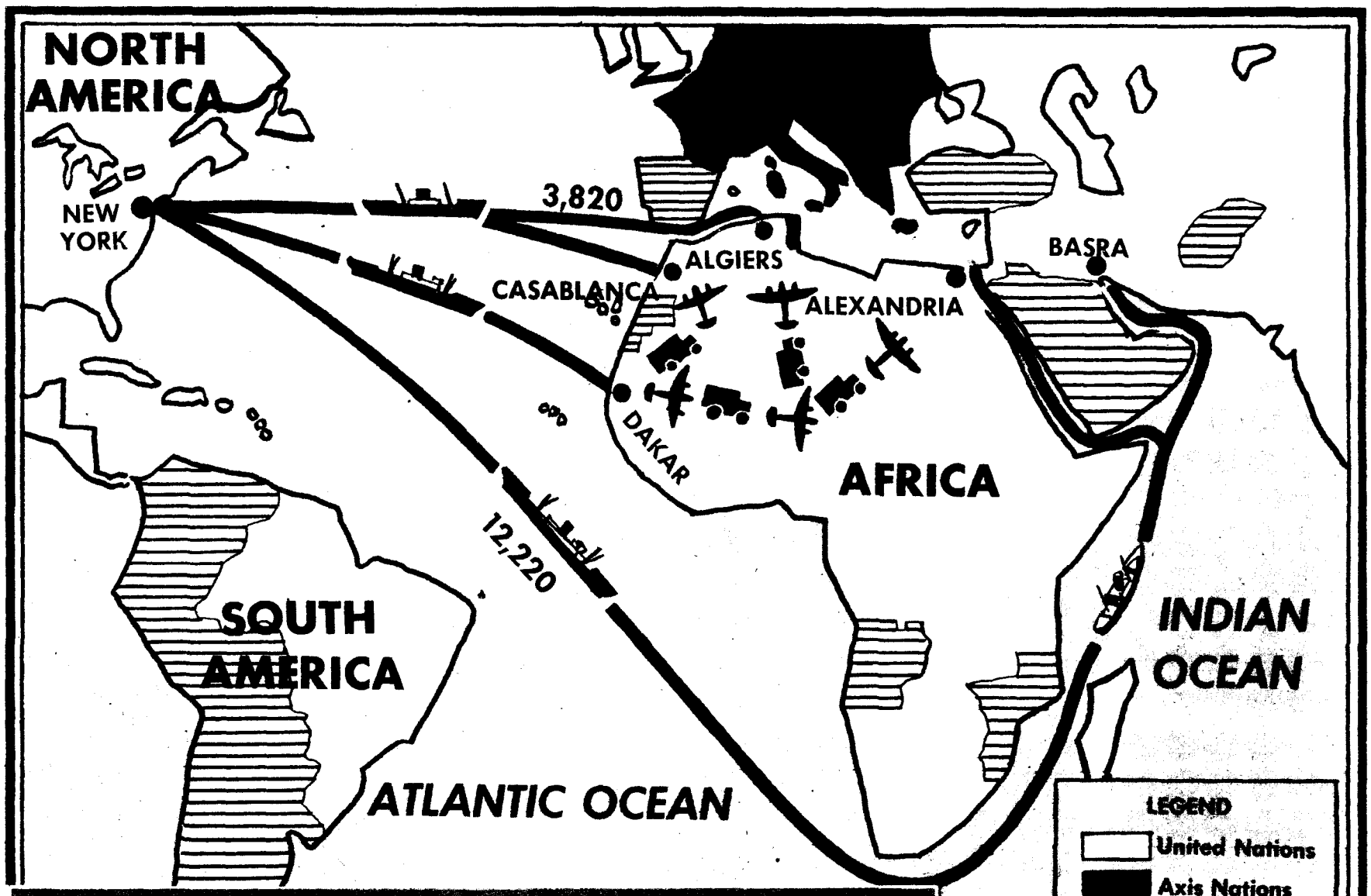
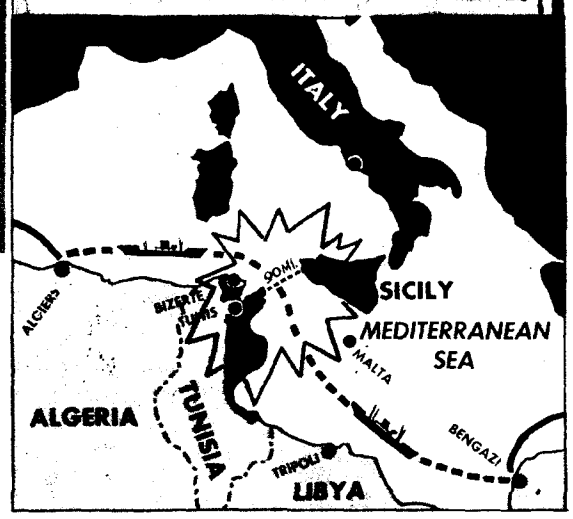


Allies Fight to Clear Mediterranean Sea



The maps, above, show how the closing of the Mediterranean affects U. S. shipping lines, with Italy and Germany dominating the vital Straits of Sicily.

As long as the narrow Straits of Sicily are guarded by Axis forces on both sides, the Mediterranean is closed to Allied convoys and invasion of Europe is impossible from the south.

If it's hard to figure out why a little place called Tunisia is holding up Allied invasion plans of Europe, a look at the map should put you straight. That 300-mile battlefront is one of the most vital fronts of the whole war. With the Germans in Tunisia, the Mediterranean is of small use to the Allies; with the Mediterranean closed to the Allied convoys, invasion of Europe from the south is impossible.

German-held Tunisia cuts the Mediterranean right in two. Germany commands the North African side of the narrow Straits of Sicily; Italy commands the opposite side from strongly fortified Sicily. The distance is only 90 miles from the mainland to the island base.

The Allies fight in North Africa to clear this bottleneck; and that is why Tunisia is the key to the invasion of Europe. Allied shipping lines get into the Mediterranean on either end, but they can't get through.

The direct routes to North Africa are bad enough. From New York to Gibraltar, U. S. ships have to travel 3,685 miles. From Gibraltar, it is still 297 miles to Oran by coastal road, 494 miles to Algiers. From Algiers, it is more than 400 miles over the most difficult terrain to Gen. Eisenhower's troops. Distance from New York to Algiers, by sea, is 3,820 miles.

It is more than 3,600 miles from New York to Dakar, from where supplies must be shipped across Africa by plane, truck and railroad.

But supplies to our Allies on the eastern side of the Mediterranean bottleneck, and to our soldiers stationed in Iran and Iraq must travel a much more circuitous route. It is 12,000 miles by way of the Cape of Good Hope to Alexandria; it is approximately the same distance to Basra, at the head of the Persian Gulf. With the Mediterranean open, this distance would be only 5,000 miles and the Allies could save from 10 to 20 valuable days getting supplies and equipment where it is needed.

Turkey's present position would be greatly strengthened by the opening of the Mediterranean. Turkey's President Inonu said, "We will do everything possible not to become involved in this war, but we know now that it is not within our power to remain out."

With the Mediterranean open, the way would be clear to clean out the Axis troops in Crete and the Aegean Islands, thus supporting Turkey on her European front and opening the possibilities of a Balkan front into Europe.

Meanwhile, Rommel's retreat in central Tunisia turned into a near rout, and Gen. von Arnim made thrusts in the north against the British positions at Medjez-el-Bab, Beja and the Djebel Abiod Pass. His obvious attempt was to pin the British First Army down so that it could not move south against Rommel's badly beaten troops.

The Germans suffered heavy casualties, and made very slight gains. But they were accomplishing their purpose, which is to delay the Allied invasion of Europe until Hitler can dig himself in more securely.

Kasserine was retaken by the Allies, and it was expected that the enemy would be forced to give up Feriana and Sbeitla.

Highly significant was the fact that light patrols of Gen. Montgomery's Eighth Army swept around the Mareth Line to points where they were only 40 miles from Kasserine. The Eighth Army proper is still separated from central Tunisia, however, by the great salt marshes and the Mareth Line.

Wilhelmshaven, the vital submarine base in Germany, was pounded furiously from the air by Allied planes, and Cologne was quivering under its 113th devastating raid. Lorient and St. Nazaire, U-boat bases on the coast of France, were reported to be out of commission.

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PICTURES: 2, Sgt. Peter Paris. 3, Sig. Corps. 4, left, INP; right, Acme. 5, top, INP; bottom, YANK Staff. 7, Acme. 12, Sgt. George Aarons. 13, Paris. 17, left, Warner Bros.; right, Cpl. Dick Hanley. 18, Pvt. Martin Harris. 20, Cpl. Ben Schnall. 21, Schnall. 23, top, PA; center, PA; bottom, INP.

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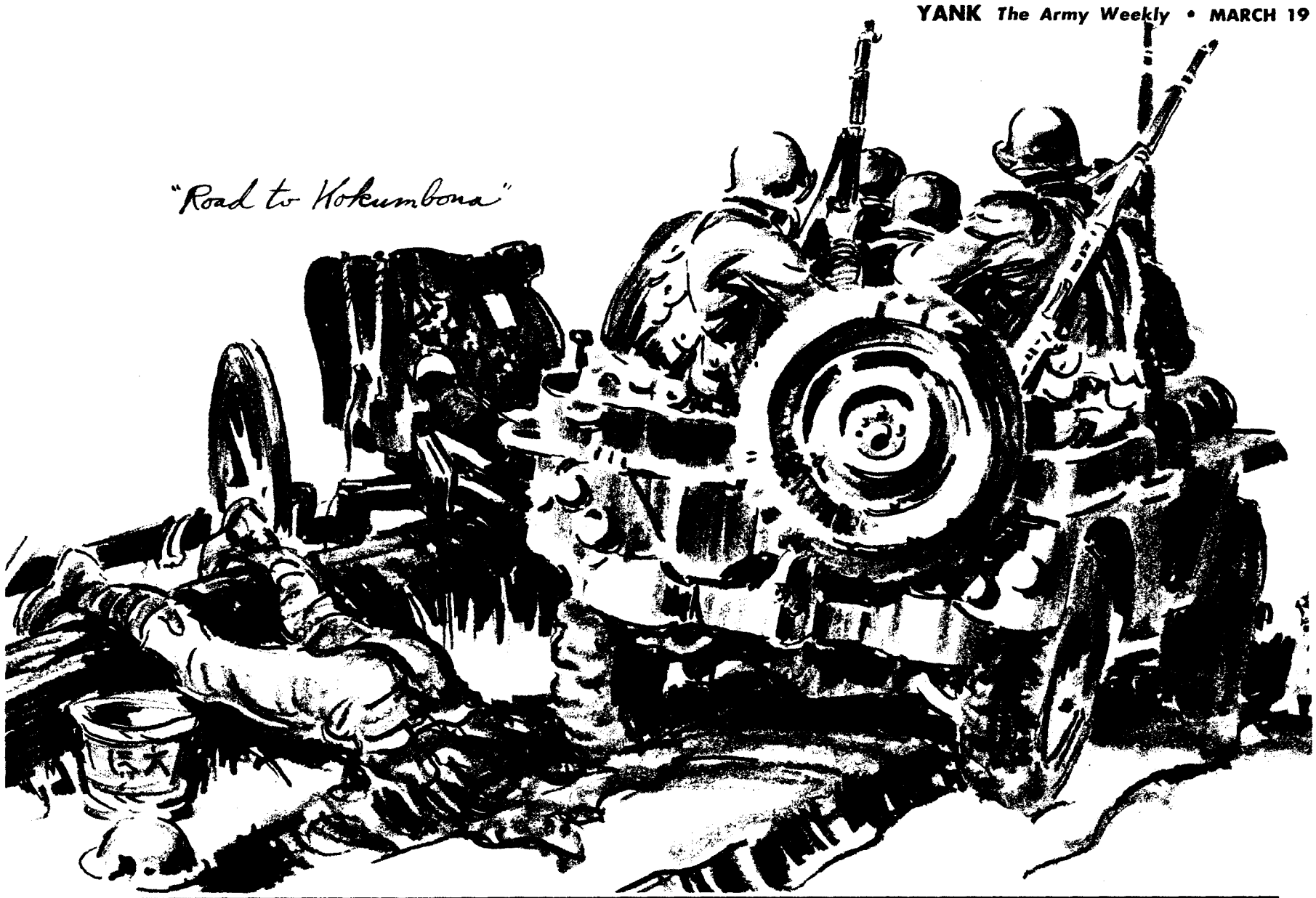

Here are nine sketches of scenes and men drawn at the front lines by Sgt. Howard Brodie during the Army's final battle against the groggy Japanese defenders.

YANK's staff combat artist, Sgt. Howard Brodie, completed the sketches on this and the following three pages at Guadalcanal on Feb. 9, the day the last Jap resistance on the island ended. By that time, Brodie was as tired as the jungle fighter in his portrait at the left. He had been working for weeks at the front under difficulties that would have forced most artists to throw away their pencils and pads in despair.

Brodie sketched most of his pictures in fox holes, CPs, dressing stations and artillery positions. He was never able to complete a drawing without being interrupted by air raids, mortar bursts and Jap snipers who seemed to delight in taking pot shots at him just when he was beginning to concentrate on his model. "I don't know which was worse—the snipers or the bugs," he says. "I think I was bitten by every insect on the island."

After he did his original sketch on the front lines, Brodie would take it back to the tent he shared with Sgt. Mack Morriss, the YANK staff correspondent who works with him in the South Pacific area. There he would darken and finish the drawing. Brodie did all his sketches in pencil on thin paper and, by the time the fighting ended, most of his pencils were short, one-inch stubs.

Soldiers from California are probably familiar with Brodie's drawings. He was a staff artist on the San Francisco *Chronicle* for seven years before enlisting in the Army last August. He was training to be message-center clerk with the Signal Corps at Camp Crowder when he was transferred to YANK.

Two days after the fighting on Guadalcanal stopped, Morriss and Brodie left the island to try to gain back some of their recently lost weight before proceeding to their next assignment.

"I wouldn't have missed Guadalcanal for anything," Brodie said. "But I was damned glad to leave the place."

Sgt. Brodie at work on Guadalcanal

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This marine officer, Lt. Col. M. L. Camp, was sketched as he came up to confer with Army infantry officers.

This infantryman came in from a patrol and dropped down to show me how he had just fired his Reising gun at Jap snipers.

"Along the Kokumbona Road" Inf. pull a 50 cal machine gun cart.

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Infantrymen lugging Jap, prisoner back on shelter-half who wouldn't walk and wanted to die — On the "Horse's Neck" front. sketched between daytime air-raid alarms.

I sketched this battalion commander Lt. Col. Earl G. Rjostra of Nashville, Tenn., in his foxhole at the front.

Pvt. Merlin Murray sits on a ridge, guarding native supply beans from Jap snipers. Notice the matches stuck in his helmet.

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YANK THE ARMY WEEKLY
VOL. 1, NO. 39
MAR. 19, 1943
By the men . . for the men in the service

THE LIQUOR BAN

A COUPLE of weeks ago, YANK carried an item in the Strictly G.I. column about a new War Department order prohibiting the sale in military areas of liquor stronger than 3.2 beer. We think this order important enough to discuss a little further.

As everybody knows it was directed chiefly against the sale of liquor in commissioned officers clubs located on Army posts.

The picture of well-stocked bars in officers' clubs in posts where enlisted men were restricted to weak G.I. beer at PXs rubbed a lot of guys the wrong way.

For one thing, it didn't fit into their conception of an army based on democratic tradition. It suggested an autocratic privilege that simply doesn't belong in an army which is fighting, among other things, to destroy certain autocratic privileges elsewhere.

We hope task force commanders outside the U. S. will take similar action. If special privileges in our Army don't belong inside the U. S. they certainly have no place on the fighting fronts.

Navigator-Bombardier Training

THE soldiers who drop the bombs are going to be trained to shoot the stars, too, and vice versa. WD announces that aviation cadets heretofore trained as either navigators or bombardiers will now get training for both—30 weeks in all, plus five weeks of aerial gunnery school. The purpose of the change is not to economize in crewmen, but to let men switch jobs during a flight to cut down fatigue (or to take the place of a casualty). Cadets will be appointed flight officers or commissioned second lieutenants after the first phase of their training, and the flight officers will get their gold bars at the end of the training.

Delay on AAF Technician Badges

Ever since we announced authorization of an AAF Technicians Badge last November, we have been swamped with questions about it. To wear it, you must have been in the AAF more than six months and graduate from a technical training school. To make the badge prettier, you can add a bar for each specialty you qualify in—radio operator, parachute rigger, and so forth. But the QM won't say exactly *when* you'll be able to pin these badges on. Whenever we ask them about it, they always answer, "These devices may be supplied on regular QM issue to those organizations entitled thereto," which could mean almost any time between now and six months after the duration.

Venereal Statistics

The present venereal disease rate in the U. S. armed forces is 40 per 1,000 per year, according to the National Research Council. This figure, the lowest military rate in our history, compares with a venereal disease rate of 84 per 1,000 in the first World War. The present civilian rate in the U. S. is 4 per 1,000 for syphilis; 6 per 1,000 for gonorrhea.

The Old Man Talks

The familiar ritual of "Pvt. Smith has permission of the first sergeant to speak to the company commander" is out at Fort Knox, Ky. A recent order by Maj. Gen. Charles S. Scott, CO of Fort Knox, specifies that at certain times "every company commander in this center will make himself available to any man in his company, and no bumptious company clerk or first sergeant is going to stop him."

The Iowa

Some interesting facts about the Navy's newest battlewagon, the 45,000-ton *Iowa*: Carries more ak-aks and heavy guns, including 16-inchers, than any other ship. She is 880 feet long and her beam is 108 feet—just a few inches narrower than any lock in the Panama Canal. The *Iowa's* surface area covers nine and a half acres. She has 800 miles of welding, 250 miles of electric cable, and her generators produce enough power to run a city of 20,000 population.

The *Iowa* is the fourth Navy ship to bear that name. The Navy says she is the most powerful ship afloat.

Army Post Named After Private

A special order of the WD has named Camp Mackall, Hoffman, N. C., in honor of Pvt. John T. Mackall, 2d Battalion, 503d Infantry. Pvt. Mackall died Nov. 12, 1942, of wounds received in action.

North African Fire Water

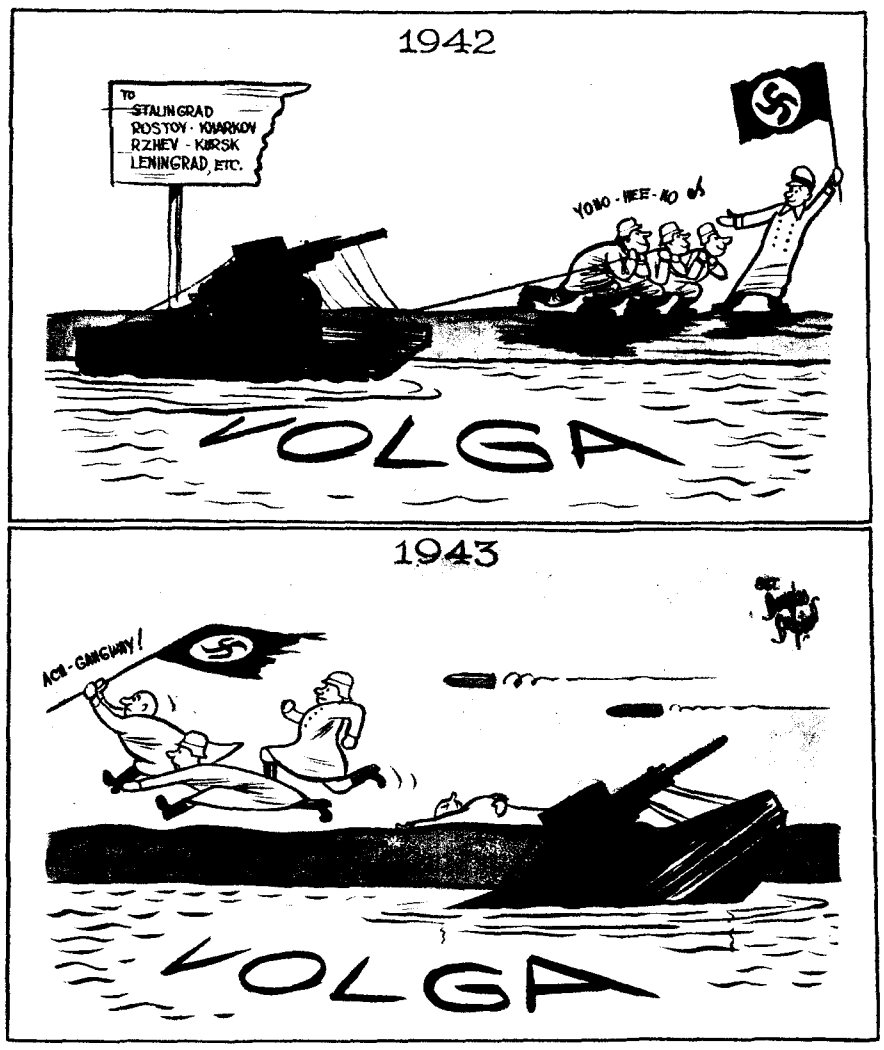
Everybody is telling the story about the two G.I.s in Casablanca who managed to get a quart of bootleg brandy and prepared to sample it in a hotel room, which they had hired for the purpose. The first soldier lifted the bottle and took a couple of snorts. But he reached over and pushed the bottle away when the second soldier put it to his lips.

"Don't drink that stuff," he yelled.

"Aw, gwan," muttered the second soldier. "Leave me alone."

"I'm telling you—don't drink it," screamed the first soldier. "I just looked out the window and saw President Roosevelt riding down the street in a jeep."

Song of the Volga Boatmen



Items That Require No Editorial Comment

Nazi Joke Book

Dr. Alfred Rosenberg, the Nazi super-race mythologist, gets all burned up when he hears people in Germany joke about the war. "If you hear anyone tell such jokes," he advises in an article in *Der Angriff*, "knock him down." Latest joke to annoy Wotan Rosenberg is the one about the Berlin worker who asked a bank clerk how to invest his life savings of 1,000 marks. "Buy state bonds," suggested the clerk. "Suppose the state collapses?" asked the worker. "Isn't it worth the investment?" replied the clerk.

They Did It With Mirrors

Italian version of recent military developments in the South Pacific as broadcast over the Rome radio. "After wiping out American forces at Buna, New Guinea, and Guadalcanal, Japanese troops withdrew to better positions in spite of heavy enemy attacks."

Those Stubborn Aussies

The difficulty of taking over Australia is explained by the Tokyo newspaper *Asahi*: "As this race enjoys complete freedom, great obstacles must be overcome to make it cooperate with Japan as a member of the Greater East Asia Co-Prosperity Sphere, and to make it grasp peacefully the significance of our new order."

No Help Wanted

Unemployment problems which may worry the Allies aren't giving the Nazis any trouble. Because, explained an article in Hitler's *Voelkischer Beobachter*, "we solved our economic problems under a system that guarantees full employment for all Germans. That is another proof of the genius that guides the New Order. The democracies as usual are confused; but we have our own Nazi ways of solving unemployment."

Like at Stalingrad?

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FIGHTING SCOT. A Highlander and his Sten gun. This tough and cheerful soldier serves with a famous unit in the British Eighth Army.

MOVING UP. One of a column of U. S.-built tanks snapped as it drove toward Tunisia. The English said: "They're the best we've had."

DESERT SALVAGE. An RAF truck (left), hauling plane wings back to repair shops in the rear, passes by the charred and twisted wreck of an Italian fighter plane. From Egypt to Tunisia the desert shows these signs of Axis defeat. (Pictures on this page are by Sgt. George Aarons.)

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Yanks in Tunisia eat English kidney stew mixed up with some dates. (Pictures on this page are by Sgt. Pete Paris.)

CAPTIVE GUN Pvt. Jeremiah A. Heffernan (right) explains German light machine gun to Pfc. William DeFroscia. Heffernan captured it.

SAFETY FIRST. Before taking off for chow these doughboys look out from their Tunisian airfield "barracks" for possible enemy planes.

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NEWS FROM HOME

ALABAMA

Birmingham's vacant lots were alloted for victory gardens. Alabama teachers asked an increase of $10 per month in minimum pay scales; Jefferson County teachers asked a 15-percent boost. Mrs. H. M. Ball, Homewood, was killed in Birmingham when an L. & N. train struck her automobile. C. Pratt Rather and Maclin F. Smith were named co-chairmen of Jefferson County's Red Cross War Fund drive.

CALIIFORNIA

San Francisco's $500,000 Langley Porter Clinic for mental diseases was opened near the University of California Medical Center. Norvell, famous Hollywood astrologist, was arrested on fortune-telling charges. Two San Quentin prisoners were charged with printing bogus checks on the prison's press to be mailed to confederates outside. A San Francisco bus driver, angered by back-seat drivers, refused to let passengers off until they said "please"; they called police. Mrs. Ann Inrene Peile, 31, sued a Los Angeles hospital for $110,000 for telling her she'd given birth to a boy, then telling her it was a girl.

COLORADO

Higley Field at Denver was re-opened, designated as operations base for the Colorado Civil Air Patrol. The Army began a $50,000 repair job on South Platte River levees in Adams County. Ben H. King, former state director of markets, was tried at Denver on embezzlement charges. Mrs. Thelma Jereaw, 38, was near death at Denver after she cut off her tongue; she scrawled, "I have blasphemed the Lord." A 25-year-old parrot awakened residents when fire swept through a Denver rooming house; the people escaped but the parrot perished.

CONNECTICUT

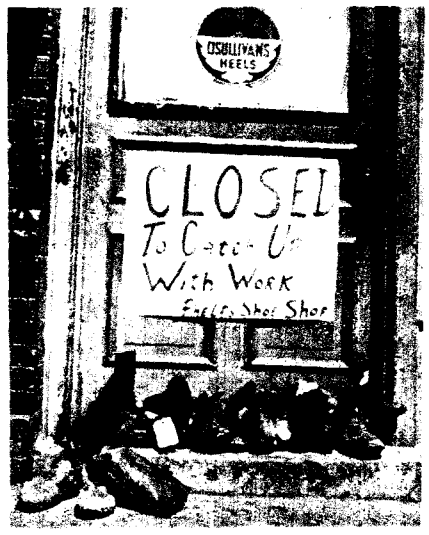
Hartford barber shops upped hair-cut prices to 75 cents for adults, 60 cents for children. Gov. Baldwin opposed construction of a new governor's mansion until after the war. Peter Gurski, Terryville machinist, was executed at Wethersfield for killing Miss Ellen Bourke, 66-year-old retired school teacher, near Plymouth. At Bridgeport, six Norwalk office-holders were fined for absentee-ballot law violations. Hartford women organized a forest fire-fighting crew. The Four-Town Fair was called off at Somers. Miss Jennie O'Neill, 80, went to work on the 3-to-11 P. M. shift in a war plant at Middlebury.

DELAWARE

Delaware set a turkey-production goal of 120,000 birds, 18,000 more than in 1942. Eighteen Elsmere women were awarded Red Cross nursing certificates. At Wilmington, 67 persons were injured when a switch engine rammed the Pennsylvania Railroad's train Cavalier. No candidates filed for municipal offices at Blades. The Wilmington Teachers Association asked additional 5-percent pay boosts for Delaware teachers.

GEORGIA

Twenty-one south Georgia counties planned to buy and operate the Georgia Power and Light Co. George L. Rice of Dalton was named president of the Georgia Bankers Association. Mark Pulliam was sentenced at Chatsworth to life for burning his home and killing his wife and five children. Seven percent of Georgia's autos and trucks left the roads last year. Georgia income-tax payments were below normal.



Sam Phelps, Elberton (Calif.) cobbler, was swamped with work after shoe rationing went into effect.

GOLF-LOG is the game in which you shoot for lowest score in changing one word to another, a step at a time.

F'instance, last time we changed JEEP to TANK in 8 strokes like this: JEEP. 1. JEER. 2. BEER. 3. BEAR. 4. BEAD. 5. BEND. 6. BAND. 7. BANK. 8. *TANK*.

Note that at each stroke only one letter is changed and each time a change is made a *new word* must be formed.

Today's GOLF-LOG problem is to change TANK into BOMB. Par is 7 strokes. Maybe you can find a way to beat par. If so, send it to YANK's Puzzle Editor, and we'll publish it.

TANK	4.
1.	5.
2.	6.
3.	7. BOMB

Solution on page 22.

IDAHO

The State Game Department moved 150 young elk from Jackson's Hole to Owyhee County. Mayor Walker of Boise filed for a second term. A 67-year-old great-grandfather was hired as a telegraph messenger at Twin Falls. Lambing began in the western part of Idaho's sheep country. Dr. F. D. Haines resigned as president of Boise Junior College and returned to California.

ILLINOIS

Mayor Kelly won the Democratic renomination in Chicago with more votes than all other Democratic and Republican candidates combined: George B. McKibbin is the Republican nominee. Cairo's 88-year-old Holliday Hotel, once Grant's headquarters, burned. Emily Sekoskey got judgment at Chicago against Michael Z. Pavolich for $178.89 she spent for meals and movies: he'd married another woman. The federal government paid $6,000,000 for Chicago's 3,000-room Stevens Hotel. Fiatt's Christian Church was 100 years old. The wife of U. S. Senator Wayland Brooks sued for divorce. Illinois in 1942 supplied half the nation's war-vital soybean crop. Oil began pouring through the newly completed 531-mile oil pipeline from Longview, Tex., to Norris City. Chicago aliens admitted to citizenship in 1942 totalled 21,801. Of Shawneetown's original 2,000 population, 500 residents have refused to move from the oft-flooded old town to the new, floodproof site.

INDIANA

Evansville's remaining street-car rails will be removed. Fire destroyed the X market on Booneville's square. Mrs. Martha Dunn of Arthur and Donald Morton of Winslow were killed in a bus accident at Petersburg. Nobleville's First Christian Church burned a $15,000 mortgage. Many towns asked removal of highway traffic signs, saying they're no longer needed. Three downtown business buildings at Terre Haute were destroyed by fire with $350,000 loss; a market at Booneville burned, and the Little Ridge school, near Marion, was razed by fire.

IOWA

The State Liquor Commission ordered store managers not to sell more than one-sixth of their stock in any week. The Rev. Frederick C. Volzke, Algona, succeeded the Rev. Donald Duncan as Baptist pastor at Shenandoah. Primghar schools will end their term April 30 to allow pupils to help on farms. Fire damaged St. Joseph's Mercy Hospital at Cresco, destroyed the Maire-Walgreen drug store and the Jewell Building at Newton. Iowa's first meat-bootlegging injunction petition was filed against William Pratt, Runnels farmer.

KENTUCKY

Five western Kentucky coal operators signed 6-day-week contracts with the Union Mine Workers. Fire destroyed $100,000 worth of coffee, sugar and beef at Glasgow, and the $30,000 Kimmel Theater at Henderson. Logan County schools began a 6-day week. Harlan's Belmont Hotel was closed by Judge F. M. Meadows because of unsanitary conditions. A block of 600 cells was added to Eddyville State Prison. TVA began negotiations to buy the Kentucky Utilities properties at Paducah. The Lowes (Graves County) Commercial Club held its 36th annual Mule Day. Boyd Lakes was charged with killing a University of Kentucky senior in a Negro dance hall at Lexington. Thomas Minch was charged with slaying Thomas Cory, Covington liquor store operator, on information from Minch's wife. A. J. Hoffman, Evansville, Ind., bought the old Herald Post Building on Fifth Street in Louisville.

LOUISIANA

Two thousand goats used as grass cutters on the Bonnet Carre spillway were killed for their 160,000 pounds of meat. Ration cards indicated New Orleans has grown to 650,000. Mrs. Fay Atchison, Miss Beatrice Samson and 5-year-old Ethlyn Rose Cook were burned to death in a New Orleans rooming-house fire. The Landry Memorial School band gave its annual benefit concert at Lake Charles. Judge Mark Pickrel at New Orleans recommended commutation to life imprisonment of the death sentence of Finnon Burks, convicted with Toni Jo Henry. James Philip Gordon admitted at Abbeville the murder of J. E. Miller at Beaumont, Tex. Fire destroyed the Raceland Theater at Raceland, and the J. S. Harrison Wood Products Co. plant at Bogalusa. Lafourche Parish began planting its largest acreage of Irish potatoes. In Avoyelles Parish, 172 new members were added to 4-H clubs. Nathan Samuel Smart, 96, last Confederate veteran of Calcasieu Parish, died.

MAINE

Maine farmers will use boys and girls in summer camps for emergency harvesting this summer. The Rev. Francis E. Whiting became pastor of the United Baptist Church in East Corinth, succeeding the Rev. Charles W. Ellis, now pastor at Kennebunk. The legislature considered legalization of harness-horse racing, with pari-mutuel betting. Miss A. Louise Stone, Kennebunk tax collector for 20 years, retired. John J. McConnell was named police captain at Lewiston. Maine temperatures dropped to 39 below, lowest in history. Six fires caused $250,000 damage at Augusta in one day.

MARYLAND

The Morris Poultry Farm at Bishopville was destroyed by fire with a loss of 40,000 chicks and 2,250,000 eggs. William L. Adams and Homer Gilcrease were killed when a high pressure gas line exploded at Boston and Haven Streets in Baltimore. Mayor Jackson of Baltimore filed for a fifth term. Salisbury asked the legislature to double its police force. Mrs. Julia Hewitt was killed by a locomotive on Haven Street in Baltimore. Mrs. Ida Fretwell and Mrs. Howard Wright were injured when several freight cars crashed into their house beside the B. and O. tracks at Marriottsville. The West Baltimore Methodist Church was a century old. Wooden garbage pails replaced metal ones at Baltimore. The Timonium Fair was canceled; the fairgrounds became an army-truck repair area. Maryland's birth rate rose 19 percent in 1942.

MASSACHUSETTS

Clinon J. Ryan, owner of the Everett Truck Co., was awarded $25,000 at Boston in a suit against the late Charles Schweinert's estate resulting from Schweinert's accusation that Ryan stole an auto. Massachusetts shivered through 26-below temperatures, lowest in years. North Andover police blamed "mistaken identity" for Joseph H. Henderson's murder. A $100,000 fire gutted the D. O. Frost Corporation oil-clothing manufacturing plant at Gloucester. Boston's Back Bay homes were divested of iron fences for scrap. Ludlow laid aside $40,000 in War Bonds for a new post-war town hall. Attleboro planned celebration of its 250th anniversary.

MINNESOTA

Twin Cities furniture manufacturers received federal commendation for devising substitutes for war-scarce metal springs. The State Institute of Governmental Research charged many Minnesota counties are losing one-third or more of available tax receipts through improper assessments. Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Waller died after an auto-truck collision near Belle Plaine; Alfred Albrecht died of heart attack after carrying Mrs. Waller to a doctor's office.

Mrs. Bessie Allison is the first "motorwoman" in Washington, D. C. Others are being trained.

MISSOURI

Dinty Colbeck, leader of the Egan mail robbery gang in the '20s, was tommy-gunned to death in North St. Louis, two years after his release from Atlanta; police blamed a gamblers' quarrel. Legislators protested refusal of Jefferson City hotels to serve a Negro representative. Msgr. Daniel J. Lavery, who founded Holy Rosary Church in St. Louis, died at 83. Russell Cross, convicted at Columbia of murder, asked Judge Dinwiddie to sentence him to die; he got life.

NEBRASKA

Omaha learned a small meat-packing plant had been leased to a firm allegedly controlled by former Chicago Capone gangsters, reputedly to supply black markets. Mayor Dan Butler placed the lid on Omaha gambling. The Innocents, University of Nebraska senior honorary society, added 13 members.

NEW HAMPSHIRE

The legislature junked a proposal to allow each person to kill two deer this season instead of one. The State OPA began a drive to correct coffee rationing inequalities. George M. Dooley, veteran Concord police officer, retired. State Supreme and Superior Court judges were slated for pay boosts from $7,000 to $8,000 a year. New Hampshire income-tax receipts were 25 percent below normal.

NEW MEXICO

Albuquerque consumers will save $62,000 a year under new Gas and Electric Co. rates, approved by the Public Service Commission. The Albuquerque Butchers Union admitted women for training as meat cutters and butchers. Classes were scheduled in Albuquerque to train victory gardeners. Mrs. R. B. Doty and two small sons were killed in an Albuquerque fire. Isleta Indian pueblo mothers gave their church a service flag with 71 stars. Mrs. Josephine A. Fisher pleaded not guilty at Santa Fe to charges she embezzled State Bureau of Revenue funds.

NEW YORK

A Buffalo police shake-up followed a grand jury report that "someone in the Fillmore Avenue police station" caused the death of John Kocemba, 18, arrested for drunkenness. An $80,000 fire destroyed 42 speedboats and cabin cruisers and the Sylvan Beach boat livery building and dry docks on Oneida Lake at Oneida. James Miller was named president of Buffalo's CIO council. Pet canaries who gave an alarm were credited with saving the lives of residents when gas filtered through an entire block in West New York. The entire New York Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra threatened to quit after Dr. Artur Rodzinski, new director, fired 14 members. Fireman George Lyons was killed in a fire truck-bus wreck in Buffalo. Fire caused $50,000 loss to Dymac Inc. in Buffalo. Mrs. Jean Gay and her 6-year-old daughter were burned to death at Herkimer. Four persons were injured when a tanker rammed a Staten Island ferry in New York harbor.

NORTH CAROLINA

At Lexington, Mrs. Miley Ann Owens was killed accidentally by officers who came to arrest her two sons accused of

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desertion; she threatened them with a shotgun. Charlotte cops were forming a union. Judge Zeb V. Nettles padlocked the Amity Club in Asheville. The legislature killed proposals for a sales-tax cut from 3 to 2 percent and for a liquor referendum; approved a school term of nine instead of eight months. State DAR members met at Winston-Salem. Jasper Ozendine, 30, Robeson County Indian, killed his wife and himself after allegedly finding her with another man. Palmer Meares, 35, was executed at Raleigh for killing his uncle George Allen in Robeson County last May. Hamilton C. Jones and Mayor Currie loomed as leading candidates for mayor of Charlotte. George M. Ivey was re-elected president of the Charlotte Chamber of Commerce.

OHIO

Ohio schools considered Saturday sessions, 3-week term curtailments, to release students for farm work. Cincinnati's alien detention center was closed, internees moved to Chicago. Chester Smith, former University of Cincinnati athlete, died of injuries received demonstrating gymnastic routines. Cincinnati Public Library has its first girl pages. Robert W. Lindberg, Cincinnati, was elected regional president of Kiwanis. The Rt. Rev. J. Henry Schengber, pastor of St. Francis De Sales Church in Cincinnati, celebrated 50 years of priesthood. A $100,000 explosion wrecked a wing of the Williams Manufacturing Co. plant at Portsmouth. Cincinnati's $3,300,000 War Chest drive was successful. Gov. Bricker signed the bill to turn Ohio's clocks back an hour, but Cleveland and other cities remained on war time. About 250 employees of the Lazarus store in Columbus became food-poisoned after eating in the stor afeteria: all recovered.

OREGON

Portland stores and public offices adopted 9 P. M. closing time twice a week to accommodate war workers. Residents of the Lower Siletz River area requested a bridge near Toledo. Legislators at Salem considered raising truck-weight limits to 71,000 pounds to facilitate war traffic. The Portland Chamber of Commerce set up a post-war planning committee. Eugene sportsmen gave up rubber boots to farmers. Stephen A. Douglas Meek, 85, died at Hillsboro; he was the son of Joe Meek, Oregon's first provisional sheriff who planned Oregon's entry into the Union. Forty new Knights of Columbus were initiated at Portland. Oregon State College at Corvallis set up correspondence courses for soldiers.

PENNSYLVANIA

The Federal Communications Commission approved absorption by the Bell Telephone Co. of the Keystone system in Philadelphia. Philadelphia's War Chest drive exceeded its $7,300,000 goal. The Army took over the top 14 floors of the Architects Building in Philadelphia. State auto license fees were cut to $10 flat. Four men were killed in Pittsburgh when fire destroyed one of the Golden Triangle's oldest rooming houses. A Philadelphia-bound bus overturned near Stroudsburg and caught fire, injuring 30. A boiler explosion at the woolen plant of James Lees and Sons at Bridgeport injured nine workmen and closed down the plant. Twenty-five persons were injured in two war-plant powder explosions at Philadelphia. The Aliquippa *News Gazette* suspended publication. Stanton S. Herts, vice president of the Copperweld Steel Co., and his 13-year-old daughter were burned to death in their Pittsburgh home.

RHODE ISLAND

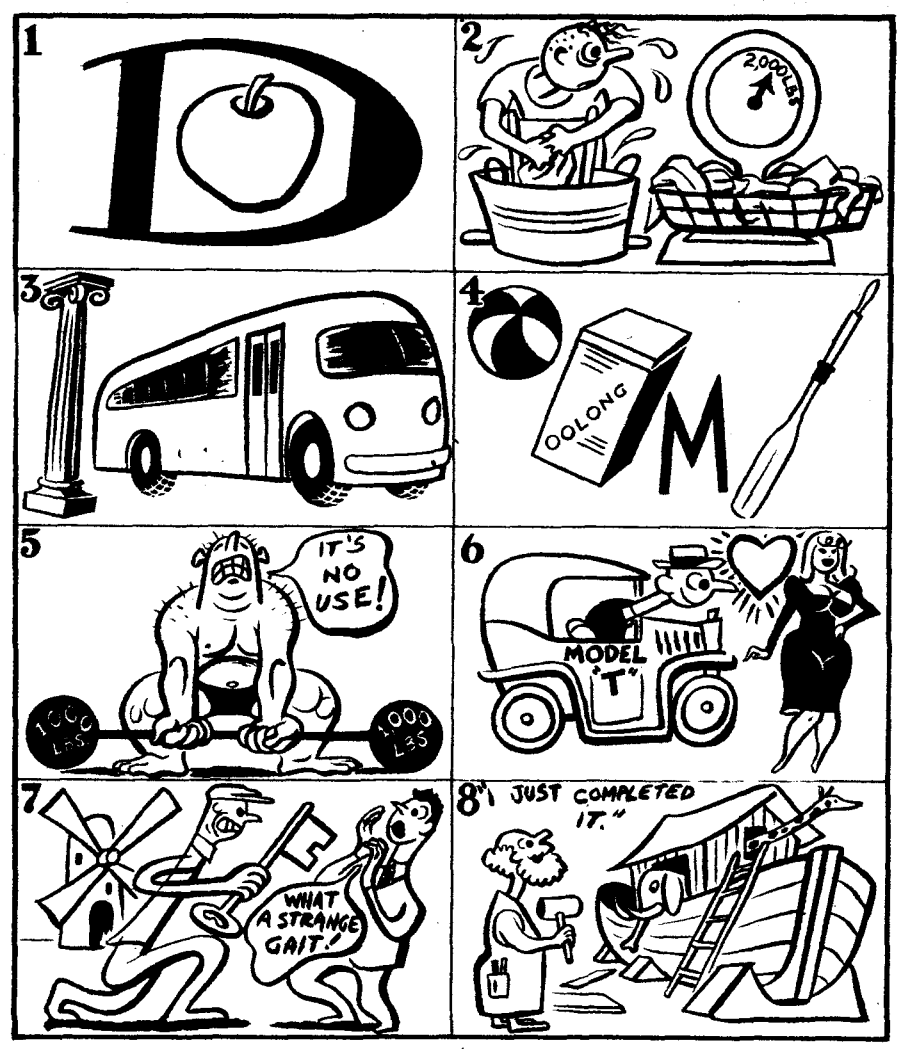
Henry J. Kaiser took over the Rheem shipyard at Providence and promised to fulfill ship production schedules. Fourteen-below temperatures, coldest in 39 years, froze the brakes of an auto at Apponaug, killing Mrs. Grace M. May of Warwick and fatally injuring her husband. Louis M. Goldberg was fired as constable at Misquamicut after Westerly Town Council convicted him of a "fix" attempt. Gov. McGrath authorized spring racing at Narragansett Park. Washington, Brown and Rhode Island State Colleges planned limited intercollegiate sports. The Rev. William J. Smith, 100, retired Methodist minister, died at Pawtucket.

SOUTH CAROLINA

The South Carolina Education Association called off its annual convention. George Mahon, truck driver, was drowned when the Enoree River bridge, seven miles from Woodruff, collapsed. Mary Lattimore, 69-year-old Negro, was frozen to death at Greer. Lawrence E. Moore, 35, was burned to death at Conway. Fire destroyed the main building of Good Hope Plantation three miles from Ridgeland and the home of Senator Rembert C. Denis near Moncks Corner. Coker College at Hartsville and the University of South Carolina began night classes for war workers.

REBUS CITIES

If your home town has over 100,000 population you might find it among the eight cities pictured below. But don't expect to recognize it right away because these durn things are Rebus Puzzles. Can you identify all eight U. S. cities? *(Solution on page 22.)*



SOUTH DAKOTA

Romeo Eugene Koethe, 38, of Salem was charged at Sioux Falls with killing Mrs. Francis M. Overdahl in a tourist cabin. W. C. Vreugdenhill, Union County farmer, was killed accidentally while hunting. Six patients died of suffocation in a fire at the B. K. Gravelle convalescent home in Sioux Falls.

TENNESSEE

At Huntingdon, ex-Gov. Gordon Browning, captain in the first World War, retired as chancellor to become an Army captain again. Mayor Foust and George Smith, undertaker, filed for mayor of Jackson. Cary F. Spence, 74, former brigadier general, postmaster and vice-mayor of Knoxville, was drowned while fishing in the Little Tennessee River near Madisonville. A USO troupe, unable to find hotel accommodations, was provided with rooms in the Memphis city jail. Daniel M. Baker, 97, McNairy County's oldest resident and last Confederate veteran, died at Selmer.

TEXAS

Texas A. and M. experts predicted a 63-percent shortage in vegetable protein feed for Texas livestock this summer. The legislature created a commission to get post-war jobs for discharged servicemen. Sheriff W. E. Melton was ordered by the Hopkins County grand jury to bring in one Adolf Hitler, "notorious paperhanger," indicted for "sundry murders, rapes, robberies, etc." The War Manpower Commission froze 45,000 war workers in the Beaumont-Port Arthur-Orange district in their jobs. Dock Dover was acquitted at Beaumont in the knife murder of Johnny Bean, labor leader. Leo Lera was executed at Huntsville for killing Harry Phillips at Galveston. Thornton Hall, of the San Antonio *Express-News*, was elected president of the Texas Newspaper Publishers Association. Joe Gammon, Groesbeck grocer, was charged with arson after a $25,000 explosion and fire in his store. Ray Spencer of Alvin bought the Nacogdoches *Daily Sentinel*.

VERMONT

Gov. Aiken told the legislature at Montpelier that Vermont's farm manpower shortage is acute. University of Vermont instructors doubled up on work to handle new Army classes. A special doe season for Windham County was turned down by the legislature; a committee approved limiting liquor sales in Vermont to the hours between 6 A. M. and 10 P. M.

VIRGINIA

Virginia Electric Power Co. resumed negotiations with AFL representatives after Norfolk and Portsmouth transportation employees voted a strike, and Richmond and Petersburg locals threatened to do likewise. Shield's Lake near Richmond will be closed again this summer because chemicals to purify the water are not available. The Richmond School Board took over Virginia Mechanics Institute for a vocational school. Lady Wonder, Richmond's clairvoyant horse, predicted the war's end next December. The sun-cured tobacco market had its best season: 2,466,200 pounds at a $22.63 average, $4.74 over last year.

WASHINGTON

A fire in Seattle caused when a bomber crashed on a packing house caused a loss of 31 lives. Vancouver hired 15 new policemen. Gov. Langlie pardoned 17 long-term convicts previously paroled. The legislature slated appropriation of $2,300,000 to share civilian defense costs with municipalities. Public utility districts were authorized by the legislature to make group purchases of private utilities.

WEST VIRGINIA

The House of Delegates at Charleston approved a local option beer measure and prohibited beer sales on Sunday. Marshall College at Huntington assigned 14 teachers to train Army aviation students. Huntington's $100,000 Community Chest drive fell $27,000 short of its mark. Mr. and Mrs. Melvin Grimm's 13-month-old son died when the family car was involved in a wreck at Martinsburg while the child was being taken to a hospital to have a toy drum-stick dislodged from his throat. West Virginia's income-tax law was repealed. Bobby Johnson, 14, charged with slaying Mrs. J. H. Branham at Charleston, was adjudged insane.

MAIN STREET

Missing Something? The Pullman Company announced that more than $100,000 in cash and jewelry had been left behind by Pullman riders in 1942.

Cold Weather Hint. Shortage of fuel made New Yorkers shiver during a recent cold snap. But Mayor LaGuardia came up with the right answer: "Take cold baths. It feels so good when you stop."

A Sit-uation. Edward Sullivan, a laborer in Los Angeles, thought firemen do too much sitting around. To remedy the situation, he set fire to the station house. Now he is sitting around—in jail.

Always a Bridesmaid. Twenty times a bridesmaid and never a bride. That's the record of Carmen Cosio, Tampa (Fla.) USO head. Miss Cosio acts as bridesmaid at all USO weddings in Tampa.

Goin' My Way? The share-a-ride program in Gallipolis, Ohio, has expanded to include perambulators as well as autos. A shortage in baby carriages has forced mothers to double up on babies in conveyances.

What? No Pie Throwing?

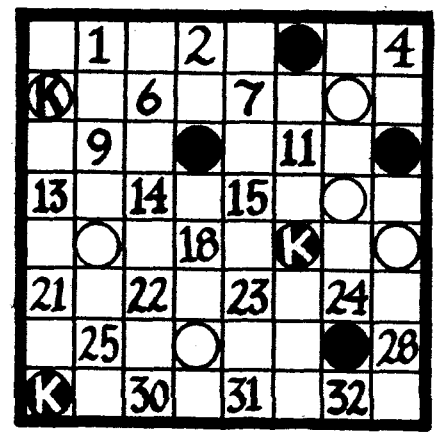
Palo Alto, Calif.—Pvt. Bill Miller and his bride, Harriet, left on a peaceful honeymoon after a quiet wedding at which the maid of honor was rushed to a hospital for an emergency operation, a member of the bridal party backed into a waiter and upset a tray of champagne, a bridesmaid fainted, and the bride's hair caught fire as she cut the wedding cake.

Resilience. Haled before a justice of the peace in Marceline, Mo., on charges of passing worthless checks, Arthur Fuzzy was fined $17.95. He handed the judge a check. It bounced, too.

Served With Onions? Ration-conscious readers of the Phoenix (Ariz.) *Republic* were told in an advertisement that horse meat is "not only good—it's delicious!"

Just Call Me Fred. Mr. and Mrs. Joseph D. Homsi, who are admirers of Gen. MacArthur, President Roosevelt and Josef Stalin, have named their new son Douglas Delano Stalin Homsi.

Checkerboard Strategy



WHITE TO MOVE AND WIN

The score stands: Black, 7 men—White, 5 men. White is two pieces behind. Should he give up and start a new game?

"Never say die!" say we. Let's examine the situation.

Yep—it's there all right! The old "waiting-move-and-shot" theme. And—it WINS FOR WHITE!

Try to figure it out yourself. Here's a hint: Black is forced into a spot where White clips off five of his men at once.

The solution is printed on page 22. Number the playing squares of your checkerboard from 1 to 32 as shown so that you can follow the moves in the solution.

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"Yeah, this is room service."

You're in MIAMI Now

A STUDY OF ARMY HOTEL LIFE

By Pvt. R. C. BOLTON, who claims he prefers a tent, and pictures by Sgt. RALPH STEIN, who wants some ice sent up to Room 1004 right away.

MIAMI BEACH, FLA. — So you'd like to spend the winter in Florida? Well, brother, just join the Army. It's as easy as that. But don't say I didn't warn you. You guys who have the weird idea that life here is just one big vacation sprinkled with pay days had better change your brand. Try reefers and get on the beam.

Sure, we are quartered in modern hotels, the beach is at our back doors, the "Moon Over Miami" is as beautiful as the song would have you believe, the climate is delightful, some of us have hotel beds (with double mattresses), each room has a private bath, there are venetian blinds on the windows—and, oh, how we long for the sight of a tent.

Your idea of life in a Miami Beach hotel doesn't include the jeep CQ who comes running through the corridors at 5:20 A.M., blowing his lungs out on a little tin whistle, and, when he has the breath, yelling, "Rise and shine. Up and at 'em, men!" Nor does your notion of life here take into consideration that lowest form of human specie known as hotel sergeant. The toughest top kick in this man's Army is a mere trainee in the hard-boiled class compared to these three-stripers.

Want to know what it's like here? OK, I'll tell you. When the old whistle blows you tumble out of bed and snap on your lights — if you're lucky enough to have lights. They are prohibited in some hotels. But be sure your blinds are tightly closed unless you want the corporal of the guard on your neck in 30 seconds flat. They have what they call a "dimout" here, but it's the nearest thing to a blackout this side of London.

OK, you're up, so now what do you do? Well, there are any number of things you think of doing (getting back into bed being at the top of the list) but you "decide" to fall out for roll call—and I do mean fall out. This is one of the most hazardous jobs in the Army here. Practically all of these hotels have front steps. These are very attractive in the daylight and make excellent places for the boys to sit during their off moments, if any. However, at 5:30 A.M., you can't see these steps even while you are falling down them, which is what *usually* happens.

You have about 15 minutes now in which to sit and meditate, or you can make your bed. It's a good idea to do the latter, and it's no mean trick. If you think hospital corners are difficult on a G.I. cot, try making them while you juggle an inner-spring mattress that is eight inches thick.

Of course falling out for breakfast is as dangerous as for roll call, and if you think it's fun to stumble in the dark (they call it marching here) to a hotel a block away for chow, you're eligible for discharge as soon as the man in the white coat catches you.

Back in your room (it's now about 6:45) you have a half hour in which to get shaved and clean your room. You learn for the first time why those venetian blinds are on your windows. They're there so you can dust them every morning, and on *both* sides. You probably never stopped to figure that those innocent looking gadgets have about 40 slats and each one must be treated individually. Now you can understand why, with five jeeps in the room, one is assigned to that task alone.

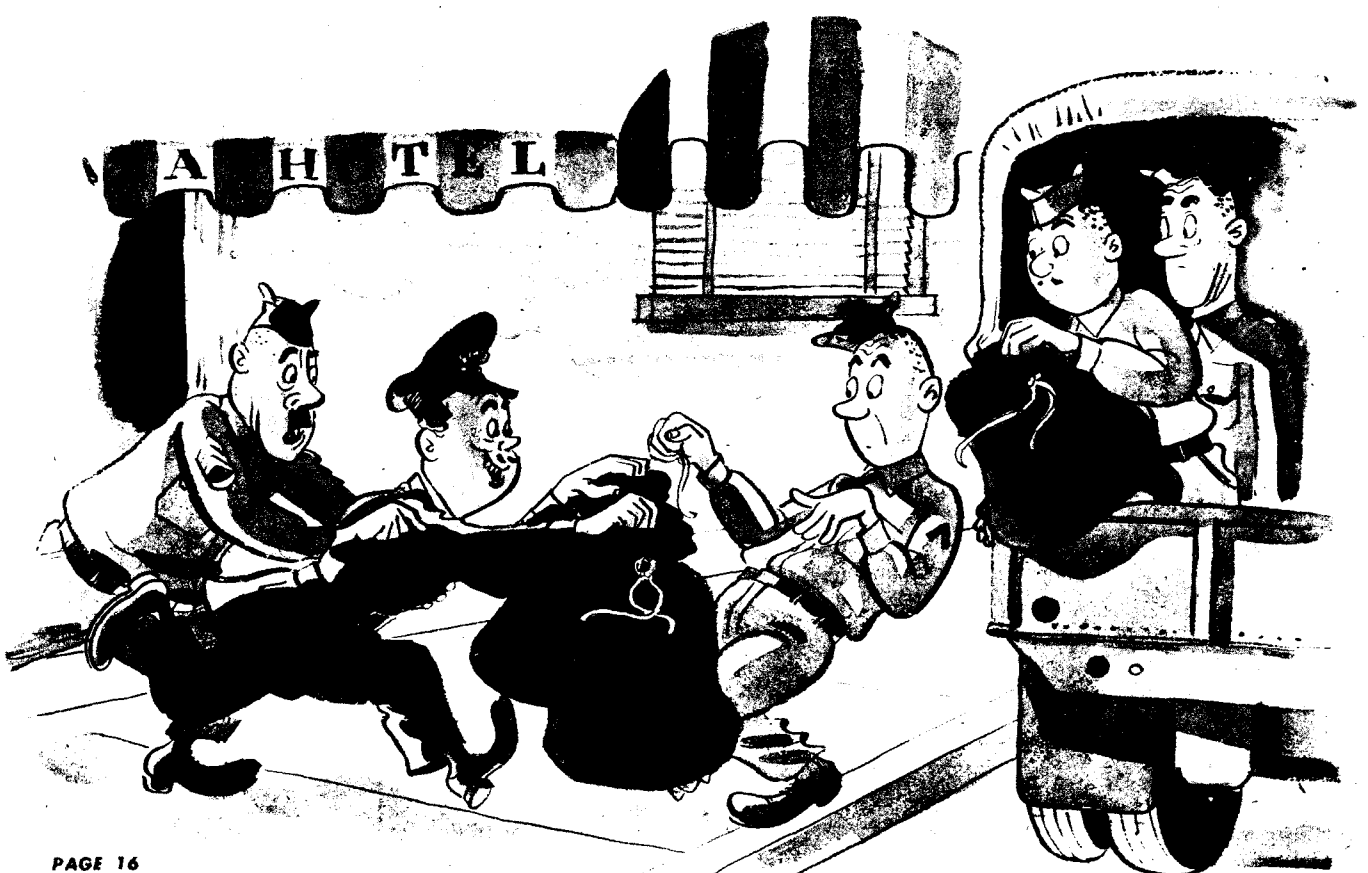
Another job is the sweeping. You're probably one of those unfortunates who has a pretty carpet on his floor of his room. This makes for a homey atmosphere but it also makes for plenty of grief. Be a contortionist and sweep under five beds, and you finally wind up with the nap of the carpet in a neat little pile. And don't ever kid yourself into believing that some day you'll have all the nap swept up. You'll be moved to another hotel before that happens, and you can start all over again on a nice new carpet.

"Have you a reservation?"

Dusting, except for the blinds, is the softest detail. That is grabbed by the "veteran," the fellow who has been longest in the room. You gaze at him longingly each morning and dream of the day when you will have that job. But it never happens. By the time you work your way up to duster, you're transferred to another hotel.

Our days outside the hotel are like those at most any camp. A beautiful golf course is our drill field, and the famous beach is the scene of our calisthenics. But our every waking moment is haunted by thoughts of our rooms and the inspection by the hotel sergeant. Many of our evenings are spent indoors—gigged. When we do get out we rush to a recently opened PX where 16 ounces of beer are handed out for a dime, and the chief topic of conversation is how swell it must be to live in a tent.

But the daily average temperature here is 78. Sun shines all day. Maybe we'd better stay here at that.



"You don't have to carry their bags, sir. Remember you don't work here any more."

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EVENING MORNING REPORT

Hollywood — Ann Sheridan has some advice to sweater girls engaged in war industry: "If the sweater's too big for you, look out for the machines. If you're too big for the sweater, look out for the men." . . . Joe E. Brown, first actor to visit the South Pacific war area, has conferred on himself the title "commander of the beer gardens of the South Pacific." . . . Glenn Ford is Eleanor Powell's best feller. . . . Cesar Romero has joined the Coast Guard and John Payne the Navy . . . Jack Benny is so hateful he steals lollypops from little boys in his new film, "The Meanest Man in the World." . . . Gypsy Rose Lee's shapely little sister June Havoc dances with Jack Oakie in "Hello, Frisco, Hello." . . . Madeleine Carroll, born in England, took her oath as a U. S. citizen on her 37th birthday. Her husband Stirling Hayden is in the Marines. . . . Rationing has hit Hollywood, too. Orson Welles rides to work on horseback. A drive-in sandwich stand has changed to a walk-in, and a shortage of candy at movie houses has sent managers screaming to ration boards. One manager said, "We are facing a grave crisis in chocolate-covered butterfingers." . . . Ingrid Bergman is making a Swedish-language short for the OWI.

Ann Sheridan

Broadway—Olsen and Johnson are finally quitting the Big Town for Hollywood. They'll leave soon to make a movie version of "Sons o Fun." . . . Abbott and Costello are bemoaning the loss of 17 grand in a gin-rummy game on a train from Chicago. . . . Sgt. Sidney Kingsley has a new play on Broadway. It's called "The Patriots" and is about Hamilton and Jefferson. The sergeant's plays in civilian life included "Dead End" and "Men In White." . . . Margie Hart is quitting burlesque and will have a role in the Chicago cast of "Cry Havoc," the play about nurses on Bataan. . . . "Random Harvest," having shown to 1,600,000 people in 11 weeks at Radio City Music Hall, has broken the longevity record set by "Mrs. Miniver."

ALTHOUGH her albums of boogie-woogie are played at more than one Army outpost, Hazel Scott thinks the boys across prefer the classics swung in her own style. That's what she gives them short-wave. Her arrangement of "Tea For Two" has domestic priority. In fact, she's sick of it.

Hazel's love is literally with the Army. He is a pilot in the 454th Bombardment Squadron. Consequently this pianist wears more than Air Force wings. Emblazoned on her cream-colored jacket is the squadron insignia, a flying wolf, foaming at the mouth. Like Hazel, it's rather eye-catching.

COMPANY STREET

Here and There. Deflated casanovas at South Plains (Tex.) Army Flying School organized the Jilted G.I. Club; president, thrice-jilted S/Sgt. Enos T. Jones; membership qualifications, two bits and a busted heart; theme song, "Somebody Else Is Taking My Place." . . . The guy who used to trim Greta Garbo's tresses now clips Marine Corps pates at Camp Pendleton, Calif., and, says Pvt. Joseph Zingarelli, "I give the boys the

same careful attention I gave Greta." . . . At Fort Adams, R. I., Pvt. Irving Cohen had his head x-rayed after an injury, was shocked to learn his skull was an exact replica of the skull of prehistoric Neanderthal Man.

KP. Two KPs at Fort MacArthur, Calif., were stopped by a colonel while carrying a steaming kettle out of the mess kitchen. "Get me a spoon," ordered the Old Man. He tasted the contents, spat vigorously, and roared, "D'ya call that soup?" "No sir," was the reply. "We call that dishwater." . . . Camp Edwards (Mass.) candidate for the Army KP marathon: Pvt. R. R. Compt; time: six months. Said he, "I like KP."

Veterans. Cpl. George B. Granger, Camp Williston, Nev.: in service since May 9, 1912. . . . Pvt. Albert Briscoe, Camp Carlson, Colo.: fought on the Mexicon Border in 1916, with the Marines in Chateau Thierry in 1917, is now ready for his third campaign. . . . O/C Victor D. Breuille, Fort Benning, Ga.: first enlisted in 1914, was honorably discharged, has re-enlisted six times since, has served in Hawaii, France, Germany, and Iceland.

Books. A recently published novel, "Dividends For Louise," arrived at the Barksdale (La.) Field post library and was put on display by Pvt. Norman George Welsh, the book's author. . . . Rookies at Camp Davis, N. C., detailed to move all books out of the post library, left one there because its title was "You Can't Take It With You."

Ratings. Four-months-old Louis Caruso Jr., son of Sgt. Louis Caruso, Camp Hann, Calif., was given the rating of "Technical Prodigy" by post CO Lt. Col. J. P. Jacobs, and became the Army's youngest yardbird. . . . Pvt. Knute Rockne Jr., Camp Perry, Ohio, turned down an officer's commission because "everyone would say I got it on account of my dad."

TEE-TOTAL

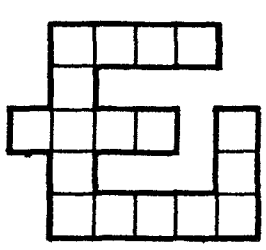
PRIZES are given to the G.I.s who submit the highest Tee-Total scores in each competition. If you haven't taken a whack at this word game, try it now. It's easy—and you may win one of YANK's Puzzle Kits containing a super-dooper collection of tricks, puzzles and games. Names and scores of winners will be published.

Here's how: Simply fill the diagram with five good English words. No proper nouns. Then total up the individual scores of the 17 letters used, giving each letter a numerical value as shown on the chart. The idea is to use letters of high value.

A sample workout is shown at the left, with a score of 262. Can you beat that par?

LETTER VALUES

A	6	N	22
B	24	O	8
C	18	P	20
D	17	Q	1
E	5	R	14
F	21	S	16
G	19	T	25
H	12	U	9
I	7	V	11
J	3	W	23
K	13	X	2
L	26	Y	10
M	15	Z	4

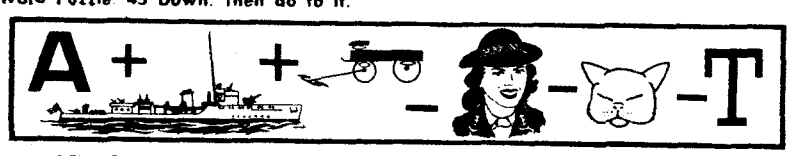


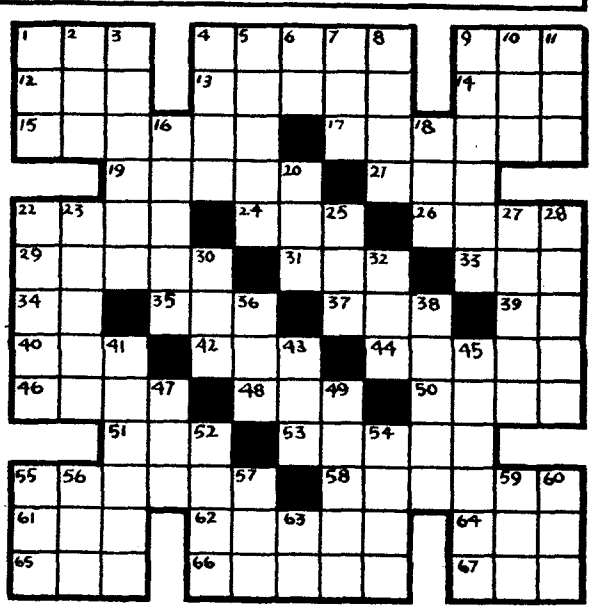
Score: Submitted by

Mail to Puzzle Editor, YANK, 205 East 42nd Street, N.Y.C.

DOUBLE PUZZLE

First tackle the Picture Puzzle below. Add or subtract the names of the pictured objects, as indicated. The result will be one of the 48 States. Fill this into the Cross-Word Puzzle. 45 Down. Then go to it.





ACROSS

1. Spider's network
4. Blacksmith's hammering block
9. Half a quarter
12. Past
13. Author "The Age of Reason"
14. Beverage
15. Played boisterously
17. Pot
19. Fundamental
21. Rodent
22. Small, light army truck
24. Groove
26. Sport
29. Below
31. Busy insect
33. Age
34. Doctor of Divinity
35. Erase
37. Wholly
39. To the inside
40. Obtain
42. Tibetan gazelle
44. Structure at N. Y. subway entrance
46. British Foreign Secretary
48. Part of a circle
50. Mineral deposits
51. Males
53. French river, of first World War fame
55. Plea
58. Trans-Jordan mountain ridge
61. Turn right
62. Snake poison
64. Poem to be set to music
65. Organ of hearing
66. Gapes
67. Likewise not

DOWN

1. We're all in it!
2. Self
3. Dropped explosives upon
4. Imitates
5. Lowest point
6. Six (Roman number)
7. Writing fluid
8. Ogle
9. Military engagement
10. Sick
11. Golf ball rest
16. Document
18. Light blow
20. Young lion
22. Magistrate
23. Finished
25. Beverage
27. Reveille (politely!)
28. The —— are coming!
30. Carpet
32. Wapiti
36. South American snake
38. African animal
41. Proneness to anger
43. Supply with weapons
45. (Solve the Picture Puzzle)
47. Born
49. Castrated rooster
52. War vessels, collectively
54. Edges
55. Grow old
56. China berry
57. Meadow
59. Fuss
60. Pronoun
63. Point of compass

(Solution on page 22.)

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

If you're a YANK subscriber, and have changed your address, use this coupon to notify us of the change. Mail it to YANK, The Army Weekly, 205 E. 42nd Street, New York City, and YANK will follow you to any part of the world.

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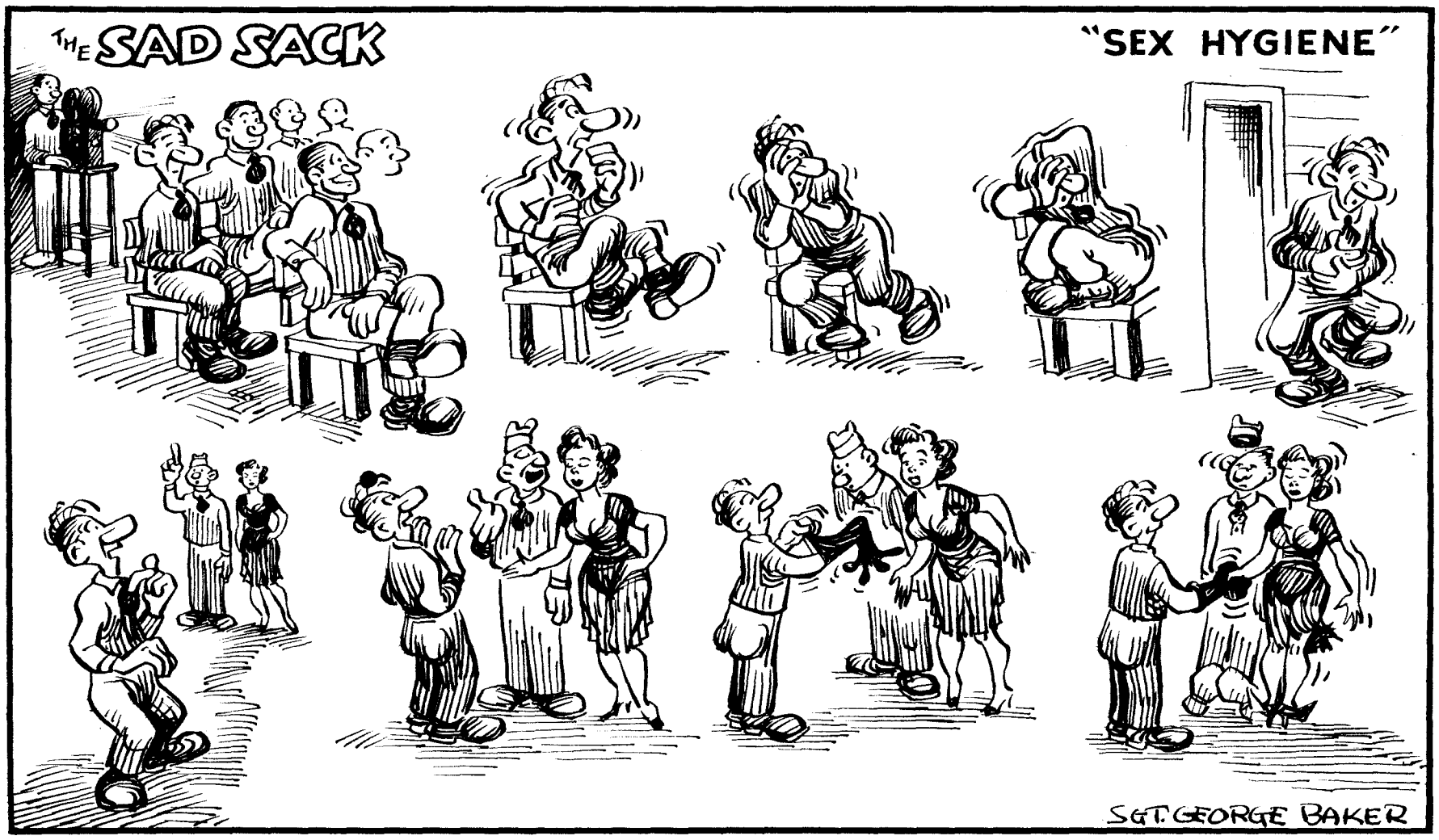

Mail Call

Dear YANK:
There's no place where your weekly news is more highly appreciated than by the New Guinea forces. I have spent the past six months in New Guinea so this isn't latrine rumor. I noticed an article sometime ago, "Good News for Chow Hounds," explaining dehydrated food such as potatoes, meat and things. That's really a super idea but there should be a law prohibiting any newspaper from exaggerating the issue. A dehydrated spuds taste more like pine needles than potatoes, and dehydrated sheep tastes like a flock of sheep smells.

—L. CISSON, AEF
Australia

Dear YANK:
Just finished reading the sport page where you wanted the soldiers' opinion on whether baseball should be abolished for the duration or not. Well, I am just like the other boys. The war comes first with me and if ball players are needed, then I say put them in uniform. But I don't think we should give up our best of all sports unless it is really necessary. My idea is that baseball, and what it stands for, is one of the things we are fighting for. So let's keep our good old national pastime, for the present at least.

—Sgt. LOREN R. HENDRYX
Camp Claiborne, La.

Dear YANK:
There's no comparison between Labrador and Greenland. Having been in both of these far-flung "resorts" on G.I. service, I feel qualified to make the following statement: If I had to choose one of the two for further duty, I'd flip a coin. If said coin falls on head or tails, to Labrador I'd go; if the coin stands on edge I'd take Greenland. Get the general idea?

—O/C J. E. MADDOX
Ft. Monmouth, N. J.

Dear YANK:
You're cutting off the best part of your paper when you leave out the cartoon page. The music idea is OK but not good enough to replace the part that is read first and forgotten last.

—Pfc. THURSTON
Camp Ritchie, Md.

■ We'll always try to have a page of cartoons somewhere in the book.

The Barnes Twins

The opposite page brings you a bargain this week, with two girls instead of one. They are Lois and Lucille, one of the attractions in "Something for the Boys," Broadway musical.

Dear YANK:
Received my second copy of YANK and am not satisfied with it. Take out for two copies and remit the rest of my subscription money.

—Pvt. VERDE C. DOLLARHIDE
Fort Douglas, Utah

Dear YANK:
No doubt the meeting between President Roosevelt and Mr. Churchill deserves every acclaim, but what do you think of this? Today in my ward, there took place a meeting between Jesus Christ, George Washington, Roosevelt, and General Hayes. There were no weighty problems discussed and it was a pleasant meeting throughout. I was an innocent bystander.

—BERYL HARRIS, ANC
Station Hospital, New Orleans, La.

Dear YANK:
Your publication of the poem "Does Victory Depend on Me" by a limited-service MP was read, enjoyed, and clipped by this YANK reader—a "LS-MP." YANK is good—hits the spot with all the fellows in my outfit.

—Pvt. HARVEY R. JOHNSON
Ft. Leonard Wood, Mo.

Dear YANK:
The undersigned, a couple of self-respecting military policemen, have borne with ill-disguised disgust the fact that you are so short-sighted and limited in vision that you are unable to find any material for your appeals to 9-year-old IQs except ridicule and calumny for that noble, self-respecting, God-fearing, brave, clean, efficient, and patient epitomy of what the ideal soldier should be—the Zone of the Interior Military Police. Contrary to popular opinion, we *fight*. And when Joe Dope conducts himself in a manner that would cause a sober engineer to rip him limb from limb, we put a comforting arm around the poor sinner, sober him up at the expense of our own valuable uniform and return him to his unit.

—T/Sgt. DWIGHT H. NETZLY,
S/Sgt. JAMES H. GEORGE JR.
Camp Gordon, Ga.

Dear YANK.
I am on an island somewhere in the Pacific. The place is gorgeous and the natives are very friendly. I haven't seen a white woman in 11 months and by the time you get this letter it will be much more. We get movies once a week and then in different sections of the island. There are hula dances once in a while and also singing. Some of the boys have taught the native girls the American style dancing. Some of the nights the native men play guitars and sing while we dance with the natives. Reading YANK we find out how soldiers are getting along on other islands. I'm surprised nobody from here has written yet.

—Sgt. ROBERT GOETZ
Pacific

Dear YANK:
Maybe YANK can set the guys straight that have the idea the Quartermaster Corps is the WPA of the Army. For almost three years I been givin' my all for Uncle Sam and what do I get? Stuff like, "Yah, goldbrick. A day's work would kill ya." Who do them Infantry guys think they are? Anybody can walk around with a gun on his shoulder and do a right and left face. All the time I am worrying about the shoes they're wearin' out. Some of them guys think I'm the chaplain too. Five minutes after one of 'em has called me a lot of names which ain't nice and explained in detail just how much work I don't do, he is crying on my shoulder. "Good Buddy," he says, "I gotta have shoes as my supply of cardboard is runnin' low. All my socks are worn out and I tore my only good pants. The CO will sure gig me at inspection. Be a pal, will ya?" So as I wipe away my tears I tell 'im, "Okay, send down your supply sergeant and I'll issue to 'im." Always I'm bein' kind to these guys. I figger I saved 'im from gettin' gigged and am just about to mention this fact when he says, "Hello, goldbrick. Haven't they caught up with you yet?"

—S/Sgt. FRANK G. STOKES
APO 983

Dear YANK:
I am writing this because of your article last November on "Convoy Guardian." Not that I have a thing against the Navy but how about letting your readers know about the Army gun crews on transports? We have been stationed on a transport for over nine months in the Southwest Pacific and that article did not make my men feel any too good.

—T/Sgt. PRESTON THOMAS
Overseas

Dear YANK:
You have a very fine paper and we all read it, but if you continue to drift as you are you might as well change the name to "Gripe." Every page is covered with poor Johnnie's story that he has not seen a woman for four months, the beer is warm, the drinks are not so good, or the local women are not like his home-town gal. Every soldier has his troubles but it is damn certain that no one else wants to read about them. Publish your stories and pictures, and let the chronic griper see his chaplain.

—T/Sgt. DON C. JENSEN
Alaska

Dear YANK:
I noticed where one marine was wanting more glory for the Marines and where six soldiers wanted some glory for the Army and Navy. And I also noticed a lot of the boys were wanting to see girls and get furloughs. If you would forget that glory stuff, and the USO girls, and remember that the Army, Navy and Marine Corps are just one big army doing a very big job, you would find fighting and working a lot easier.

—Cpl. W. H. FLETCHER
Alaska

Dear YANK:
I am enclosing a picture of me before I got my "rating." Here you see me as latrine orderly with my helpmate. That building in the background is "it." Inside, you know, is where all the rumors generate. Well, I must stop now because they are yelling for me. One hillbilly sergeant is shouting, "Deen—ah! Deen—ah! P'ivate Fuss Class Deen—ah! Come yeah out of that thar hut 'fo ah beats yo' end off!"

—Pfc. HUGH DEENEY
Camp Blanding, Fla.

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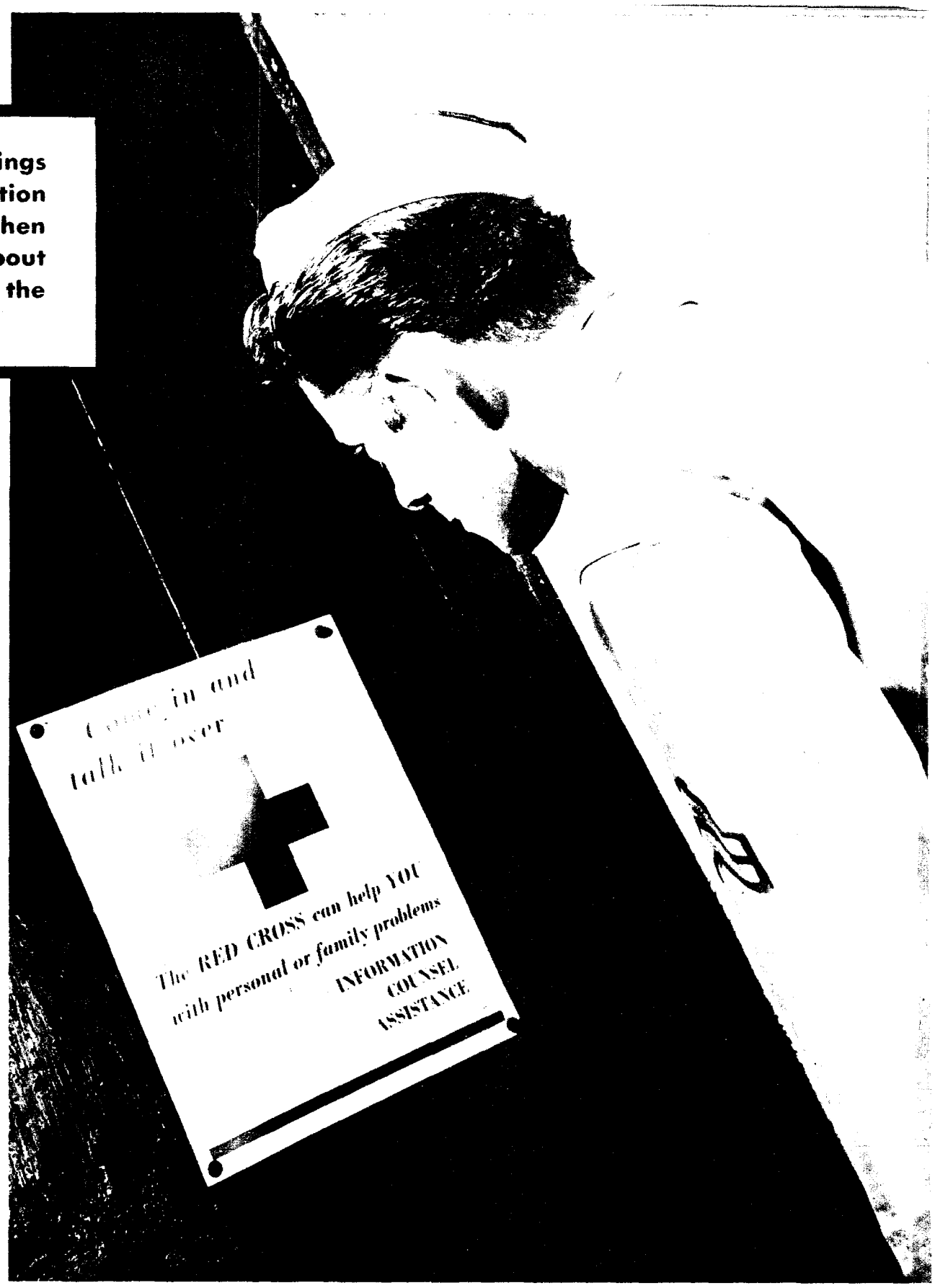
The Red Cross does other things besides hospital and recreation work—it's the place to go when you're overseas and hear about sickness or financial worry in the family back home.



Trouble at Home?

By Sgt. JOE McCARTHY
YANK Staff Writer

SAN JUAN, PUERTO RICO—Ever since that time back in 1941 when Bubble Butt Nelson and Dinny O'Brien got disgusted with the way things were going in our Field Artillery outfit at Fort Bragg and went over the hill for a week, I have been inclined to be rather skeptical about the American Red Cross and the social service it performs for the enlisted men in our armed forces.

When Nelson and O'Brien returned to the barracks, they told the rest of us how local Red Cross workers had visited them in their homes, describing AWOL as a sucker's racket and urging them to report back to the orderly room as soon as possible. Naturally we were all firmly convinced that the Red Cross had been sending our battery commander hourly reports on the movements of Nelson and O'Brien during their unofficial furlough.

"Why them low bums," declared one private from Scranton, Pa. "Somebody ought to lock them in a garage with the motor running and sophisticate them."

And so when I decided to spend a few days here in Puerto Rico finding out what the Red Cross does to help the soldier or sailor overseas who has personal problems at home, I didn't exactly approach the job in a spirit of friendliness. I was waiting for the Red Cross to show me.

After I was introduced to Moe Frankel of East Orange, N. J., field director of the Red Cross service for the armed forces in this overseas area, I happened to mention the impression that the Nelson-O'Brien episode had left on my mind.

"I don't blame you guys for feeling that way," Frankel said. "But you got the wrong idea. When a fellow goes over the hill, the Army sends the Red Cross a report on him. Then the Red Cross sends a worker to his house who tries to talk him into returning before he gets in too deep. We do that for his own good.

"But the Red Cross never sends any kind of a report back to the Army on the dealings it has with any individual soldier. We never let the military authorities see any records we have of conversations with you men. And that's not just in AWOL cases, either. It applies to anything we do for you."

That was news to me. So were a lot of the other things I saw the Red Cross doing for soldiers, sailors and marines here in the last few days.

For instance, I didn't know the Red Cross could locate your brother in a combat zone in another part of the world.

A sailor in the Naval Air Station at Puerto Rico heard that his brother in the Army had been shipped overseas. He didn't know when, where or how, and he was getting worried about it.

So he told Frankel the story and gave him the name of his brother's infantry outfit. Frankel sent the information to the Red Cross headquarters in Washington which happened to know where that division was located in North Africa. The Washington headquarters contacted its field man in North Africa who, in turn, located the town where the sailor's brother was walking guard.

Within a week, the sailor in Puerto Rico received the following radiogram from Oran:

"SAFE AND SOUND FEELING FINE SIGNED TOM."

Getting Rid of a Cheating Wife

I didn't know, either, that the Red Cross could help a soldier overseas get a divorce from his wife back in the U. S. The day I was visiting Frankel's office, a Coast Artillery sergeant came in and showed him a letter from his wife saying that she was six months pregnant.

"Couldn't have been me, sir," the sergeant said. "I been down here in the Caribbean for a year and a half."

I had heard a lot of latrine jokes about this particular type of wartime social problem but, seeing it here before me in real life, it didn't seem so funny.

"What do you want to do about it?" Frankel asked.

"I want to get rid of her," the sergeant said. "I don't want to have no more to do with her."

"Well, if you say the word, maybe we can get you a divorce," Frankel suggested. The sergeant agreed immediately. Frankel collected a few more details about the case and arranged to get the necessary legal aid from the Red Cross chapter in the wife's home town.

After the sergeant went away, I asked Frankel how the Red Cross could arrange such a divorce. I thought it was always necessary for the plaintiff to appear in court and testify in person.

"Oh, no. Several states allow divorces in absentia under these circumstances," Frankel said. "Besides, we've found that the judges nowadays lean over backwards to give every break to a serviceman—especially if he's serving overseas."

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Frankel is a typical Red Cross overseas man. He's a Dartmouth graduate, class of 1934, who was just getting established in life with a wife and a new daughter and a good job as head of the social studies department and football coach at Clifford J. Scott High School in East Orange when the war broke out. He gave up all that and a comfortable 3-A classification to volunteer for Red Cross service and, after a short apprenticeship in the States, they shipped him down here to the Caribbean Defense Command.

Now he occupies a small office in the post of San Juan hospital building, an old Spanish barracks, assisted by Richard J. Burtnett, who used to be a safety engineer with a large transportation company in Baltimore, and William Manard, a Notre Dame graduate from Buffalo, N. Y., who takes care of cases at nearby Fort Buchanan. The Red Cross men overseas have been assimilated by the Army and given a rank corresponding to captain so they will be treated as officers in case they are captured by the enemy. But Frankel, Burtnett and Manard are not anxious to wear captain's bars on their uniforms.

"The enlisted men wouldn't feel as free to discuss their personal affairs with us if we were officers," Frankel says. "And, on the other hand, we

couldn't talk as freely to a colonel or a general if we wanted to complain about something. I'm not saying they would pull rank on us—but still it would be possible. We won't put bars on our collars unless they force it on us."

Frankel, Burtnett and Manard have nothing to do with hospital or recreation work. They concentrate entirely on the personal problems of able-bodied men on active service. Burtnett told me they had 136 cases in the past two weeks.

"That is rather slow," he added. "We'll probably have a lot more in the next two weeks."

Frankel showed me a handful of radiograms that he was sending back to the States that afternoon. Here are a few samples, with the names and addresses changed, of course:

Moe Frankel hears a soldier's problem.

"VERIFY SERIOUS ILLNESS MRS MARY RAYMOND 1425 BLANK STREET RICHMOND VA MOTHER OF CORPORAL JOHN RAYMOND"

"CONTACT MRS FRANK COMMINSKY 675 BLANKVILLE MICHIGAN MOTHER OF LT. MARY COMMINSKY ARMY NURSE VERIFICATION BAPTISM OF NURSE NEEDED FOR MARRIAGE BEING PERFORMED HERE FEB 2, 1943"

"COULD WE HAVE PERIODIC REPORTS FLOOD CONDITIONS IRONTON OHIO FOR PERSONNEL HERE"

"CHECK HOME CONDITION MRS JULIA SMITH 57 NONESUCH STREET JERSEY CITY NEW JERSEY"

Most of the personal problems handled by the Red Cross overseas, and at home, too, are financial ones. Frankel is getting an extra heavy load of financial cases here in Puerto Rico because, for some reason, the allotments for wives and parents made in this area have been slow in paying off. Things are tough in the homes where those allotments are badly needed.

A soldier came to the Red Cross office here a few weeks ago with a typical allotment-trouble story. His wife, living with his father on the farm back in Arkansas, was in her eighth month of pregnancy. She was expecting a hard time with a breech delivery and, because the allotment hadn't gone through, she was absolutely broke. The soldier was broke, too, because he had been redlined and hadn't been paid in a month.

Frankel loaned the soldier $25 on the spot and mailed the money to the wife. He also wrote to the Red Cross secretary in that county of Arkansas, directing her to visit the home and see what help the Red Cross could give. He asked the secretary to see what reductions she could make in the hospital and doctor bills and to arrange for credit until the soldier's allotment arrived.

Report Reveals All is Well

A full report on the case reached Frankel the day I was visiting his office. Things weren't quite as bad as the soldier had suspected. The Red Cross secretary said that breech delivery stuff was a lot of nonsense. The girl was going to give a normal birth and the doctor said she wouldn't have any trouble. The doctor was also perfectly willing to wait until the allotment came before presenting his bill and the Red Cross made a deal with the local hospital to extend credit, too, until that time. The soldier's father said he was able to give the wife plenty of nourishing food and care before and after the confinement and the wife told the Red Cross she was feeling fine. Frankel drove around to the soldier's barracks the next morning and told him the good news, and the soldier relaxed.

Not many soldiers know just what the Red Cross can do to help solve financial problems.

The Red Cross itself can give loans only for pressing emergencies. You can borrow money from the Red Cross for emergency transportation or emergency medical aid for your family back in Ohio. You can also get quick loans for almost any other absolutely necessary expense that must be paid at once. For example, if you broke your glasses and really needed a new pair right away to do your work and couldn't wait six weeks for the Army to get them through channels, the Red Cross would advance you enough money to buy the spectacles.

For other financial headaches, the Red Cross can't give you loans from its own pocket. But it can make arrangements to borrow the dough from the Army Emergency Relief fund or the local relief agencies in your home town. Here's a case that shows how the Red Cross works along that line:

A soldier, broke and waiting for his allotment to be approved, has a penniless wife at home and a mother-in-law who is dependent on him. The mother-in-law has a heart condition, needs $5 a week for a vegetable-and-milk diet and $3 a week for medicine. They owe the doctor $37 because, in addition to the mother-in-law's heart trouble, the wife of the soldier is pregnant. (The wives of the soldiers who come to the Red Cross for financial or legal help are almost always pregnant, as you've probably noticed by now.) They also owe the grocer $15, the landlord $30, the milkman $12 and the druggist $17. How does the Red Cross handle that one?

Well, the mother-in-law's case is turned over to a local hospital which takes care of her more or less free at its clinic. The Red Cross lends the soldier money to pay the doctor, druggist and milk man because those bills are considered emergency medical expenses. The landlord and the grocer fall into a slightly different category. The Red Cross gets the Army Emergency Relief to pay their bills, with the understanding that the soldier will return the money when his allotment comes around.

Handling Army's Headaches

When Frankel isn't wrapped up with these financial problems, he is launching investigations at the request of the military authorities on behalf of soldiers and sailors who feel that they are entitled to receive dependency or medical discharges. The Red Cross, through its agencies back home in the States, also makes all the arrangements with relatives of servicemen who die or get killed in action overseas. When a soldier's name comes out on the casualty list, the Red Cross sends a representative to his home to help his family fill out the papers for burial and sees that they collect the insurance.

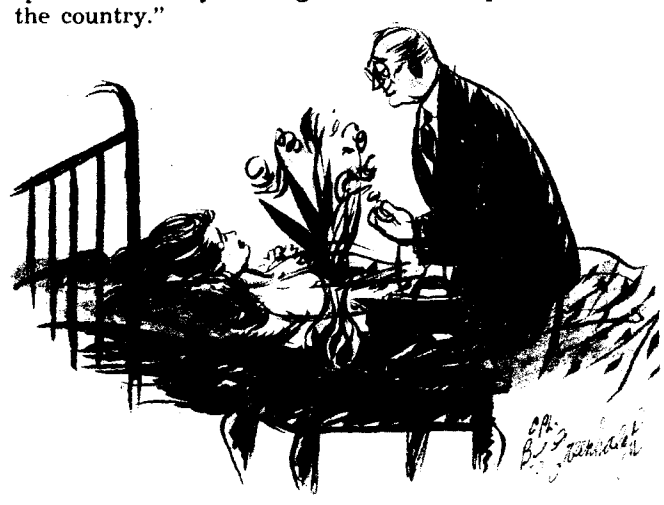
When I got up to leave Frankel's office, I felt somewhat like a heel for denouncing the Red Cross people as a pack of stool pigeons that time in 1941 when Nelson and O'Brien went over the hill. It seemed as though they handled the Army's personal headaches overseas with much more efficiency than the average lawyer or psychiatrist at home.

"You've got a depressing job," I said. "How do you stay so cheerful?"

Frankel smiled and said that, although his daily routine was quite similar to that of Mr. Anthony on the Good Will Court, he usually found something funny in the batch of mail and radiograms on his desk every morning. The other day, for instance, a soldier reported that his father had packed up and left home. The soldier was afraid his father was losing his mind so Frankel had the local Red Cross secretary check on the case.

"Instead of checking on the father, we should have checked on the Red Cross secretary," Frankel said, handing me her report.

"There is nothing wrong with this man's sanity," it said. "He is a spiritualist and he is required to leave home frequently because the spirits are always calling him to other parts of the country."



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POST XCHANGE

This Post Exchange, like YANK itself, is wide open to you. Send your cartoons and stories to: The Post Exchange, YANK, The Army Weekly, U.S.A.

If your contribution misses the mark for any reason, you will receive YANK's special de luxe rejection slip that will inspire a more creative mood.

"I am glad you made pfc. Now we can drink better stuff."

THE WIVES

Bless the wives,
They fill the hives
With little bees and honey.
They ease life's shocks,
They mend our socks—
But don't they spend the money!

When we are sick,
They heal us quick—
That is, if they should love us.
If not, we die;
And yet they cry,
And raise tombstones above us!

—Pvt. HAYDEN E. WILLIAMS
Army War College, Washington, D. C.

LETTER

There's nothing better
Than a letter
Unless it's some remittance
To help along the monthly pittance.

—Cpl. JACK B. HUGHES
Fort Houston, Tex.

How to Get a Week-End Pass

WALK boldly up to the office of the first sergeant. Catch him off guard, especially when he is busy figuring out pay rolls, rations, KP, and guard duty rosters.

"Hey, bud," you drawl, "how about a week-end pass?"

This method comes as such a shock to the sergeant that he will stammer, "Week-end pass? Sure. How about a three-day? Or a five-day?"

Your pass is recommended and you must now approach the company commander.

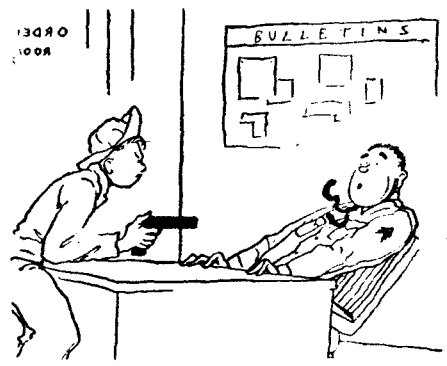
Walk boldly to his office, repeating to yourself, "He is only human, shucks, he is only human."

You knock on the door. It is a weak, ineffectual knock. Consequently you get no answer. The lieutenant thought it was his secretary cracking her gum. Knock a little harder. A muffled voice reaches you. You don't understand what it says, so you hesitate. Then you think maybe you had better call the whole thing off. Then suddenly the door opens, and standing in front of you is the lieutenant.

There is a lump in your throat. Your right knee begins to quiver, and your scalp begins to prickle.

You fling a salute that almost tears your nose off.

"Sir, the lieutenant has the permission of—"



[Drawing by Walt Owen, from Camp Grant (Ill.) Sentinel.]

No, you fool, that wasn't right. Quick, quick, the lieutenant is waiting. He's scowling.

Only he isn't scowling at you. His thoughts are far away.

Finally you blurt, "Sir, the sergeant says to see you, if I can get a week-end pass, sir."

Your heart stops for a minute. Your blood pressure drops to zero minus. You wait.

At last the lieutenant looks at you. "A week-end pass? Sure. Come on in and I'll fix it up."

See, that wasn't hard, was it?

—Sgt. F. A. PETERSON
Oklahoma City Air Depot, Okla.

A Dogface Answers a Collection Agency

Pvt. Oris Turner, 39168771,
APO 000, c/o Postmaster,
San Francisco, Calif.
Dear sir:
Re: [Creditor's name]—$14.80

YOU have had an opportunity to settle this claim without trouble or expense, but it seems you will not settle until forced to do so. You failed even to reply to our recent letter.

Therefore, unless immediate arrangements are made for settlement, we will have no alternative but to instruct our attorneys to file a complaint against you and have you summoned to appear at the time of trial. An officer of the court will also be empowered to seize your goods, attach your earnings, automobile, bank account, or any other funds or property that may belong to you or be due you.

You would be wise to make settlement, etc., etc.

Yours,
[NAME OF COLLECTION AGENCY.]

New Guinea,
Jan. 26, 1943

Dear sirs:

YOUR letter of 11/19/'42 was duly rec'd today and after reading the contents therein I am pleased to note that I will be summoned to appear in court to make payment due you of $14.30 plus interest and costs.

Gentlemen, the opportunities your letter presents are beyond my wildest dreams.

I believe by law the court is required to send a process server to deliver the summons in person. In that case I will inform you of certain essentials he will require for jungle travel.

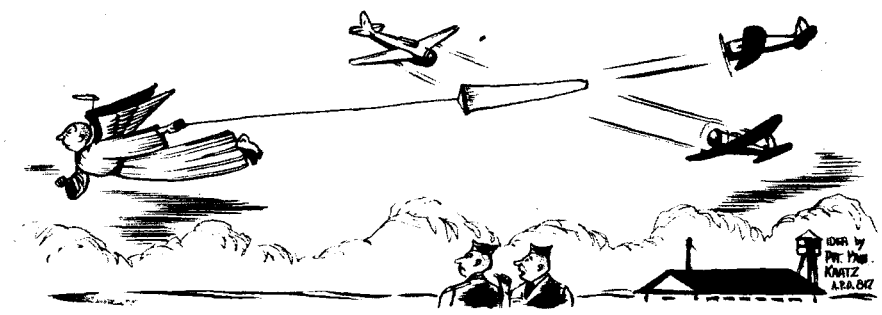
The first item advisable is a self-inflating life raft, as ships even in convoys are sometimes sunk. The raft will also be useful later in crossing rivers and swamps in New Guinea. He should also bring the following items: Mosquito bars, head net, pith helmet, quinine, salt tablets, vitamin pills, mosquito and sunburn lotions, medical supplies for tropical infections, poisonous snakes, spiders, steel helmet, gas mask, waterproof tent, heavy calibre rifle for shooting Japs, crocodiles and other game, machete, chlorine capsules, flashlight, and soap.

In choosing this process server make sure that he is not an alcoholic, as there isn't a drink to be found on the whole island. Furthermore, he must not be allergic to mosquitoes, heat rash, malaria, dengue fever, snakes, spiders, lizards, flies, crocodiles, and tall grass with a few head hunters in it. These are trivial matters and he may never come in contact with any of them, especially if his convoy is attacked by the enemy's battle fleet.

I am telling you all this as I am much concerned over his safe arrival. If he reaches this location our meeting will be much more impressive than Stanley and Livingstone's. I will see that the best possible care is taken of him on arrival. As soon as he has recovered from his jungle trip we will be on our way back to civilization and the law court. I trust he is already on his way, and I am packing my barracks bags to avoid any waste of time.

Here's hoping that this letter finds you in the best of health.

Respectfully yours,
—Pvt. ORIS TURNER



"Chaplain's idea, I guess—"

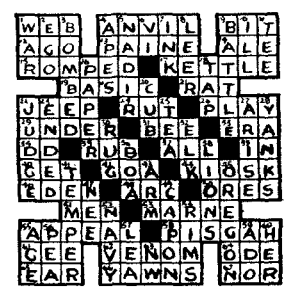
North Africa

"She won't talk to him until he thinks up a secret."

PUZZLE SOLUTIONS

DOUBLE-PUZZLE

A plus CORVETTE plus WAGON minus WAVE minus CAT minus T equals *OREGON*



CHECKERBOARD STRATEGY

White moves 26 to 23. Black king must jump 19 to 26.

White king moves 5 to 9. Black must jump 12 to 19.

White king moves 9 to 6. Black must jump 3 to 12.

Now the White king hops on a merry-go-round for a free ride. He jumps from 6 to 15 to 24 to 31 to 22 to 13, removing 5 Black men in one shot!

Black's position is now hopeless. Two more moves are left him, and then he is completely cornered. WHITE WINS!

GOLF-LOG

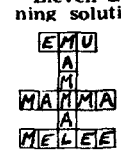
TANK. 1. BANK. 2. BANE. 3. BONE. 4. CONE. 5. COME. 6. COMB. 7. *BOMB*.

REBUS CITIES

1. INDIANAPOLIS. 2. WASHINGTON. 3. COLUMBUS. 4. BALTIMORE. 5. HOUSTON. 6. HARTFORD. 7. MILWAUKEE. 8. NEWARK.

Tee-Total Winners

Eleven G.I.s came through with the winning solution to the Tee-Total puzzle in YANK of Feb. 10. Their total was 408 and all got it the same way, as shown at left. The winners: Pfc. John P. Grosso, Fort Sam Houston, Tex.; Pfc. S. Watchel, Camp Shelley, Miss.; Cpl. C. P. McLaughlin, Fort Niagara, N. Y.; Pvt. Jack Fisher, Camp Blanding, Fla.; Sgt. Earl A. Bills, Camp Grant, Ill.; Cpl. D. C. Curtin, Fort Hancock, N. J.; Cpl. Clem S. Brandad, Fort Monroe, Va.; Pvt. Paul Cone, Philadelphia (Pa.) Recruiting Office; Cpl. P. Kenner, 113th Infantry, Eatontown, N. J.; Pvt. George R. Pester, Peterson Field, Colo.; Cpl. W. S. Sprouse, Army Air Base, New Orleans, La.



Each of these men receives a YANK Puzzle Kit. Watch for future Tee-Total winners. Send your solutions to Puzzle Editor, YANK, 205 East 42nd Street, New York City.

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SPORTS: BARNEY ROSS RETURNS FROM GUADALCANAL STILL ON HIS FEET. THAT'S THE WAY HE LEFT THE RING, TOO

By Sgt. DAN POLIER

CPL. BARNEY ROSS came home from the wars the other day. He hobbled down the gangplank of a hospital ship at San Diego leaning heavily on a cane. It was a native-made affair studded with sure enough Japanese buck teeth. The cane was a grim reminder of the harrowing night at Guadalcanal when he flattened 22 Japs. As everybody knows it was one of the few times that Barney was evenly matched.

As he walked down the gangplank, Ross smiled and waved his hand, but his eyes were searching for the ground. When he reached the end of the gangplank he stopped in his tracks, kneeled as if to pray, and kissed the ground. It was good to be home.

"This I vowed to do if ever I saw American soil again—sometimes out there we're not so sure we shall."

Bracing himself with his cane, Barney watched as his buddies were carried from the big hospital ship. They, too, were a grim reminder of the night he stood guard over his wounded comrades in the bloody jungles of the 'Canal.

"The night I spent in that shell hole with five wounded marines and two soldiers was by all odds the toughest round I've ever slugged through," Ross said. "I thought the bell would never sound."

In his time, Barney has slugged through a lot of rounds and slugged a lot of fighters. He won three different boxing titles. But that round he won on the 'Canal is something you just can't measure in titles or service medals. It's different when you are slugging for your life.

Barney continued his story:

"We'd been expecting Army units momentarily when we were cut off by the Japs. We dived for a pair of shell holes about 10 feet apart. I was the only one unhurt.

"It was about 4 P. M., and in the shell hole with me was an Indian named Pvt. Monak. My best buddy, Pvt. R. C. Atkins of Rome, Ga., was in the other hole with two other marines. That night two soldiers wriggled into my shell hole."

The Japs poured mortar and machine-gun fire into the two shell holes until 7 the next morning. Three of the wounded marines were hit again during the terrible night. It was left to Ross to hold the Japs at bay. He crawled around gathering grenades and ammunition. The others were too badly injured to even help load the rifles.

"In all, I threw 21 hand grenades, fired 100 rounds of M1 rifle ammunition and at least 80 rounds from my Springfield," Ross said. "They never did get a telling punch in on our little group.

"Sometime during the night I got a leg and arm full of shrapnel," Barney related. "But, by golly, I can't tell you when it was—I was just too busy to notice. I had malaria at the time, too.

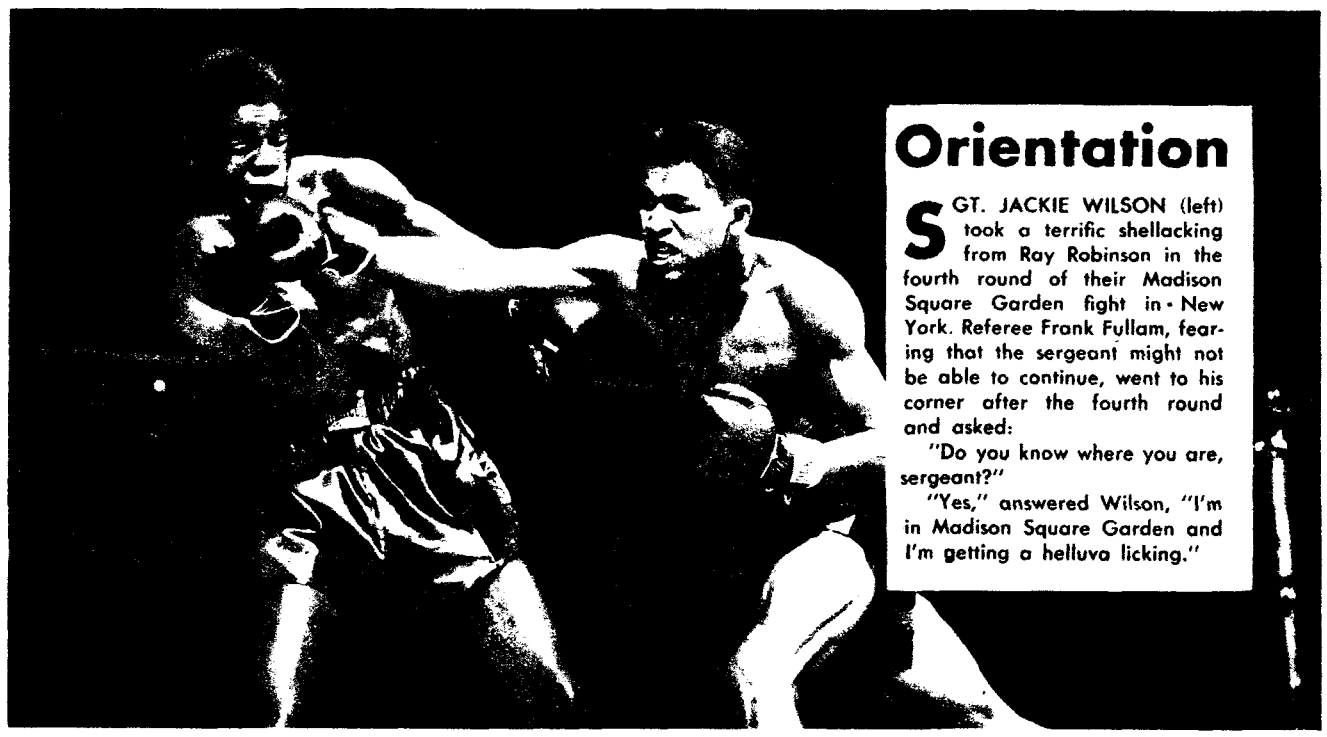
"The next morning Freeman Atkins suggested that we crawl from our shell hole," Ross continued. "I lifted him up on my shoulder when, looking up, I beheld what looked like angels from heaven coming toward us. It was Capt. LeBlanc, Lt. Murdock and enough of the others to make us realize the round was over."

The round was over all right and Barney had won. The captain counted 22 dead Japs and 30 bullet creases in Barney's helmet.

Barney has been recommended for the Navy Cross or the Army Distinguished Service Cross. He has already been named as boxing's "man of the year." We would like to think of him as just a damn good marine.

Barney walks the gangplank home.

Ross never kissed the canvas as a fighter. This was different. It was good to be home.



Orientation

SGT. JACKIE WILSON (left) took a terrific shellacking from Ray Robinson in the fourth round of their Madison Square Garden fight in New York. Referee Frank Fullam, fearing that the sergeant might not be able to continue, went to his corner after the fourth round and asked:

"Do you know where you are, sergeant?"

"Yes," answered Wilson, "I'm in Madison Square Garden and I'm getting a helluva licking."

Basketball Leaders Sized Up for Tourney

NEW YORK—Any way you look at it, the Metropolitan Basketball Committee is going to make a lot of people mad. Between now and next week they must select eight teams from an imposing list of 38 sectional leaders to compete in the National Intercollegiate Invitation Tournament in Madison Square Garden.

A list of teams considered by the committee:

New York District—St. John's, Fordham, N. Y. U., Manhattan and L. I. U.

New England—Dartmouth and Rhode Island State.

Eastern—Niagara, St. Joseph's, Villanova, Pennsylvania, Seton Hall, Princeton, Washington and Jefferson and West Virginia.

South—Duke, George Washington, Kentucky, Western Kentucky, Georgetown, Murray State and Appalachian.

Mid-West—Notre Dame, Indiana, Illinois, Toledo, De Paul and Hamline.

Missouri Valley—Creighton and Kansas.

Southwest—Arizona, Texas and Texas Christian.

Rocky Mountain—Wyoming.

Pacific Coast—Southern California, Washington, Washington State and Pepperdine.

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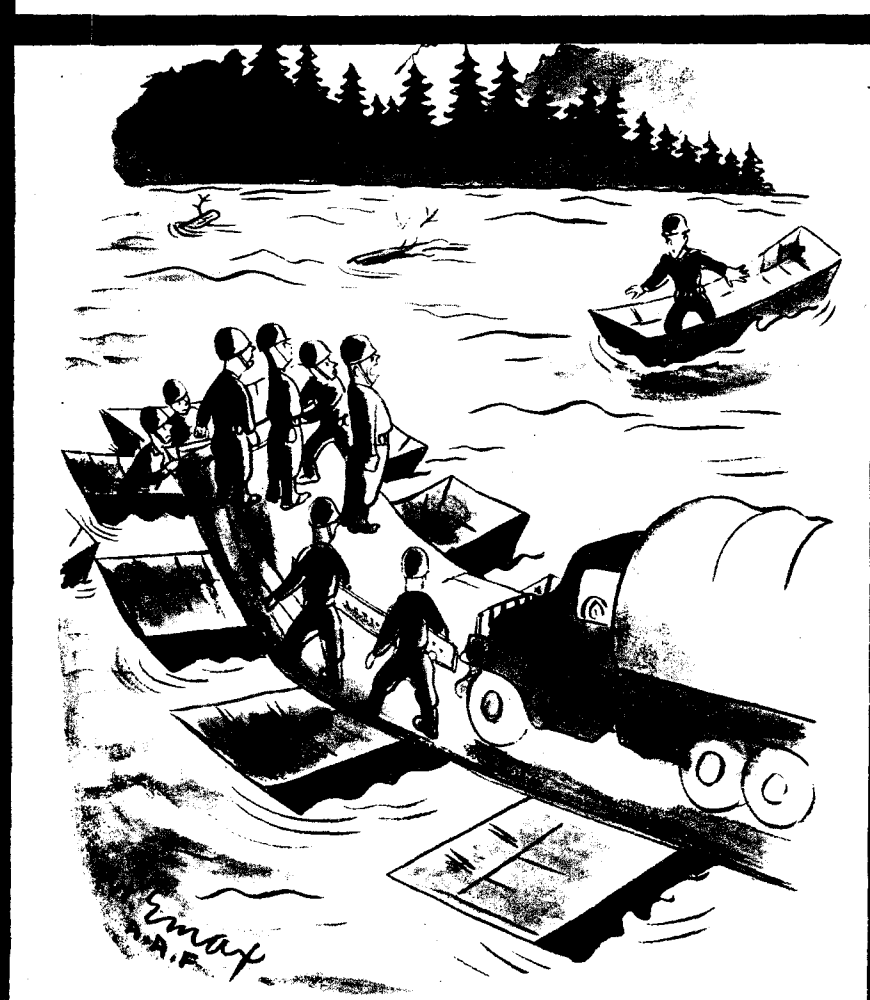
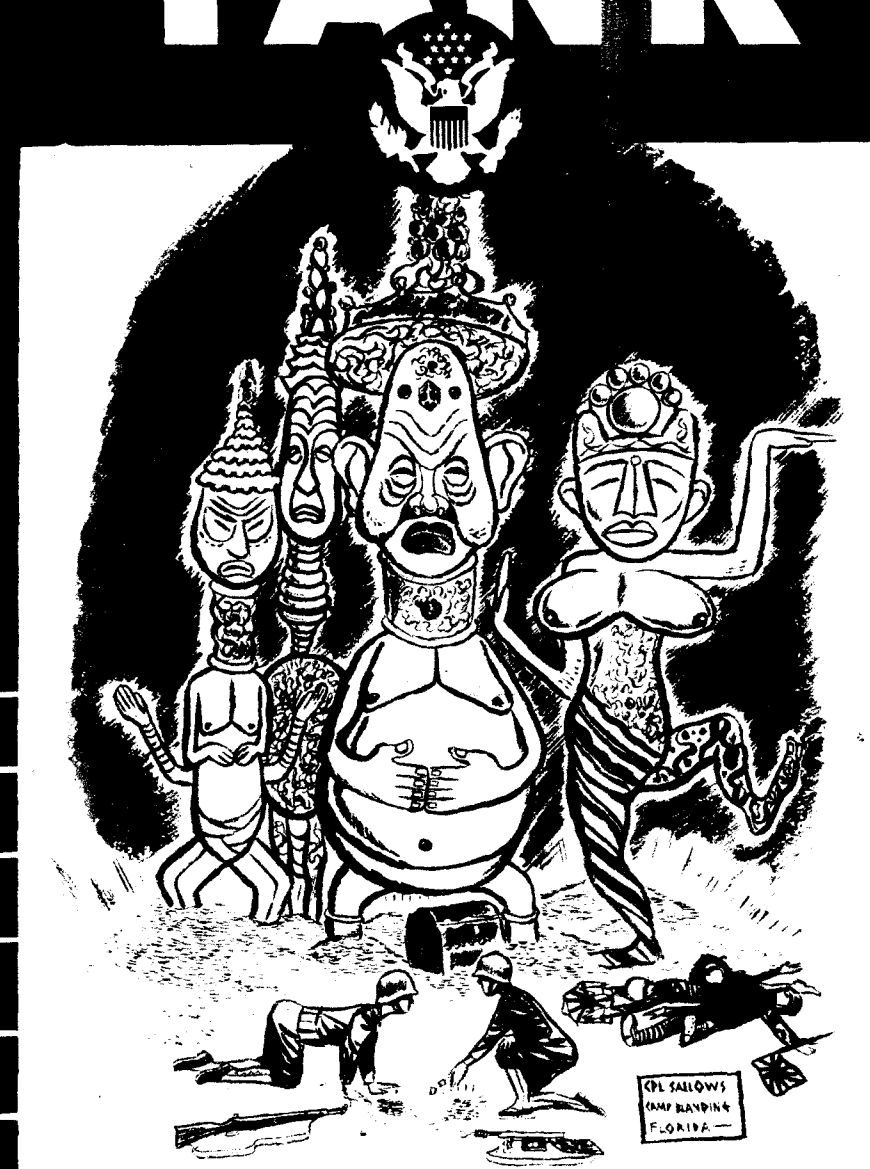
"I HOPE YOU'RE NOT COMING INSIDE WITH A MUG FULL OF CHAWIN' TOBACCO LIKE YESTERDAY."



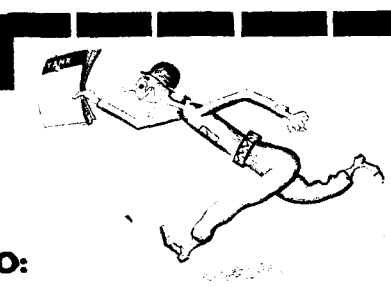
"PVT. WILENSKY, BRING THAT PONTON BACK HERE AT ONCE."

YANK



"FADE ME, JOE. I'M SHOOTING THE WORKS."

GOOD NEWS!



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